

# THE DIAL

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## THE LITERARY YEAR IN RETROSPECT.

Literature has suffered some severe losses during the year just ended, although the record is less disastrous than that for 1892. The most serious loss came early in the year with the death of Taine. Occurring, as it did, only a few months after the death of Renan, the sympathies of the world were naturally directed towards the country that had, within so brief a space, been bereft of its two greatest men. The death, in midsummer, of Maupassant, again made France the poorer, although that brilliant writer was held in more of admiration than of affection, and although the circumstances under which a continuance of existence seemed possible for him were of such a nature as to make the tidings of his decease a relief rather than a sorrow. Turning from France to England, we are met by the names of Symonds, Jowett, and Tyndall, each a master in his chosen field of scholarship, and each sincerely mourned by the host of those whom he had inspired and helped. To the letters of our own country the death of Parkman has been the loss that overshadows all others, although the names of Brooks and Booth and Lucy Larcom must not go unmentioned. We should also signalize the loss suffered by the art of music in the deaths of Gounod and Tschaiakowsky, indisputably the greatest, respectively, among French and Russian composers of the present day.

We now turn to the very difficult task of selecting, from the thousands of volumes published during 1893, the few that seem of the most importance and enduring value. From this enumeration we shall doubtless omit many works that some of our readers would think deserving of mention; but we can at least give the assurance that our list includes only publications of substantial importance in their respective departments.

Beginning with poetry, we find little that deserves mention. Our chronicle for 1892 included the names of Tennyson, Whittier, Mr. Swinburne, and Mr. William Morris; our list for 1893 includes no names more important

than those of Mr. R. W. Gilder, Mr. Charles Leonard Moore, Mr. William Watson, Mr. Norman Gale, Mr. Bliss Carman, Professor C. G. D. Roberts, Miss Thomas, Miss Guiney, and Madame Darmesteter. Each of these writers has published a creditable volume; but all are minor poets, and the contrast between 1893 and 1892 is marked. The novelists have been as busy as ever during the past year, but nothing very startling is to be found among their productions. Among our own writers of fiction, Mr. Howells has published "The World of Chance" and "The Coast of Bohemia"—a poor novel and a good one. Mr. Crawford has also given us two stories, one of which, "Pietro Ghisleri," is among the better of his books. Mr. Henry Fuller's "The Cliff Dwellers," Mr. Frederic's "The Copperhead," Mrs. Catherwood's "The White Islander," and Mr. Harte's volume of stories, "Sally Dows," are among the more notable books of fiction. Among English novels, "The Heavenly Twins" and "Dodo" perhaps head the list in point of popularity; while Mr. Stevenson's "David Balfour," Mr. Doyle's "The Refugees," Mr. Weyman's "A Gentleman of France," and Mr. Kipling's "Many Inventions" are close followers, and of more real importance. The translator of fiction has given us M. Bourget's "Cosmopolis," and two works by Sienkiewicz—"Without Dogma" and "Pan Michael"—so different in manner that we find it difficult to attribute them to the same pen, but both highly noteworthy.

The department of biography and letters (in the literal sense) is the richest in the chronicles of the year. What may, indeed, be called the two books of the year come within this category. The appearance of the letters of Scott and of Lowell are events of capital importance. The letters of Asay Gray are of more limited interest, but their publication is also an event. Among biographies we find the important lives of Mr. Ruskin, Wagner, Pusey, Lincoln, and Alcott, the completion of the Sumner upon which Mr. Pierce has been for so many years engaged, and Mr. Bridge's recollections of Hawthorne. In autobiography, we have Mr. Leland's extremely entertaining memoirs; "The Story of My Life," by Dr. Ebers; "Further Recollections of a Happy Life," by Miss North; and the first volume of the Pasquier memoirs. In literary history and criticism the foremost books relate to Greek literature, being Mr. Pater's "Plato and Platonism," Mr. Lang's "Homer and the Epic," and Professor

Jebb's "The Growth and Influence of Classical Greek Poetry." The new edition of Symonds's "Greek Poets" must also be mentioned here. In English literary history, the most important of the books published is the sketch of "Early English Literature," by the Rev. Stopford Brooke.

History, political science and economics display great activity at the present time in all the more civilized countries, and have received many important contributions during the year. Among these we may mention Captain Mahan's "Influence of Sea Power upon the French Revolution and Empire," a work that has met with extraordinary favor in this country and abroad; "Fifty Years of Australian History," by Sir Henry Parkes; "The Campaign of Waterloo," by Mr. John C. Ropes; "The Dawn of Italian Independence," by Mr. W. R. Thayer; "The Empire of the Tsars and the Russians," by M. Leroy-Beaulieu; "The United States," by Professor Goldwin Smith; "Comparative Administrative Law," by Professor Goodnow; "The Church in the Roman Empire," by Mr. W. M. Ramsay; the new volume of "English Economic History and Theory," by Professor Ashley; the new edition of Professor Bryce's "American Commonwealth"; and many other works that we have not space to mention.

A few other publications of exceptional importance, not comprised within the above categories, are the following: "Drawing and Engraving," by Mr. P. G. Hamerton; "The Art of Music," by Dr. Parry; "Pablo de Segovia," with the Vierge illustrations; "The Mummy," by Dr. E. A. W. Budge; the completion of Mr. Spencer's "Principles of Ethics"; a volume of philosophical essays, by Mr. Leslie Stephen; Mr. H. F. Brown's "Venice"; "The Ruined Cities of Mashonaland," by Mr. Theodore Bent; a treatise on evolutionary ethics, by Miss C. M. Williams; Professor Weissman's work on "The Germ-Plasm"; Dr. Nansen's "Eskimo Life"; M. E. Michel's "Rembrandt"; "Socialism and the American Spirit," by Mr. N. P. Gilman; and a posthumous volume of essays by Ralph Waldo Emerson. A few important new editions are the Lewis and Clark of Dr. Cones, the Coleridge of Mr. J. D. Campbell, and the Fielding of Mr. George Saintsbury.

The publications of the year, taken as a whole, seem to have an importance beyond the average of most years, in spite of the weakness of a few departments. It is also noticeable



that the commercial depression of the past six months has had no appreciable effect upon the business of publishing, if we may judge from the quality and the variety of the autumn output.

### THE TAX ON KNOWLEDGE.

We have received a number of communications from persons interested in the removal of the obnoxious duty upon English books which has so long disgraced our tariff legislation, and, for some mysterious reason, has been embodied in the Wilson Bill, greatly to its disfigurement. We believe that the friends of education have it in their power to bring to bear upon the members of our National Legislature a degree of pressure sufficient to result in the removal of a duty which protects nobody, which brings little revenue to the government, and which is chiefly fruitful in petty annoyances to the scholar. But whatever is done must be done without delay. The Wilson Bill will come up for discussion at once, and is likely to be rushed through the House in three or four weeks. As a help to concerted action we suggest the form of petition given below, to be sent, with as many signatures as possible, through as many Members of Congress as possible, at as early a date as possible.

#### A PETITION FOR THE REMOVAL OF THE DUTY ON BOOKS PRINTED IN THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

*To the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America, in Congress assembled:*

We, the undersigned, believing that an import duty on books printed in the English language, as provided both by the existing and the proposed Tariff Laws, is wrong in principle, being a tax upon knowledge and a hindrance to the growth of intelligence among the people, while it is at the same time insignificant as a source of revenue; and believing that the continuance of such a duty is unworthy of a free and enlightened people,

Do respectfully petition your honorable body to place all books and other publications printed in the English language upon the list of those articles which may be imported into the United States without the payment of duty.

And your petitioners will ever pray.

We have prepared this petition in a form ready for receiving signatures, and will mail copies of it free of charge to all persons who may apply for them.

### A STUDY IN LITERARY AMENITY.

The December issue of "The Nineteenth Century" contains a reminiscent article by Mr. Swinburne upon the late Master of Balliol. The author knew Jowett intimately, and his personal recollections are of the highest interest. But the article is disfigured by a number of those "flings" which Mr. Swinburne so frequently interjects into his prose

papers, and which are usually characterized by both irrelevancy and bad taste. Some readers will remember his characterization of Emerson, a few years ago, as "a foul-mouthed Yankee philosopher," as well as some other things equally deplorable. In this particular case, Lowell, Mark Pattison, and J. A. Symonds are the objects of his vituperative assault. Hence, and in spite of our admiration for the genius of Mr. Swinburne when he is his better self, we have witnessed with no little satisfaction the castigation dealt him by "The Saturday Review" upon the present occasion. It is no less deserved than severe, and we have much pleasure in reproducing the article, which bears "Nineteenth Century Manners" for a title.

"It is high time that the Editor of the 'Nineteenth Century' should be made to understand that there is a limit to the offences against good manners in which the writers in his magazine can be permitted to indulge. During the past twelvemonth certain things have been included in the 'Nineteenth Century' which are distasteful, and even painful, to many readers. In the November number we thought that the climax had come. We did not suppose that anything could exceed the nauseating tittle-tattle about Miss Clairmont indulged in by an American interviewer. We were mistaken; an article in the December number, in which Mr. Swinburne disports himself among his deceased contemporaries, under the pretence of writing 'recollections of Professor Jowett,' goes further still. We say, and with all gravity, that in the very least responsible journalism of this generation we have never met with anything quite so ill-bred as one or two paragraphs in Mr. Swinburne's article. They do small credit to the Editor of the review. 'But that's not much.' Mr. Swinburne is a very different person, and we propose to ourselves, at last, to speak the truth very plainly to that illustrious poet. When he writes so casually of Mr. Lowell's 'hideous and Boetian jests,' when he describes the amiability of a respected and valued man of letters as 'instinctive time-serving and obsequious submissiveness,' when he talks of Euripides as 'the clumsiest of botchers that ever floundered through his work as a dramatist,' he discredits himself by his foolish violence indeed; but when he goes on to call the late Rector of Lincoln 'a typical and unmistakable ape of the Dead Sea,' and when he insults the memory of the late Mr. Symonds with a string of vile epithets, he simply writes as no gentleman should write.

It is time that Mr. Swinburne should grow up. He has played for nearly half a century the rôle of the dear little naughty darling who must not be punished because he is so clever and so young. Years and years ago, when Mr. Swinburne first began to write, this plea was brought forward and accepted. 'Isn't he clever?' people said; 'and so young.' There was something in the excuse. He was daring and brilliant, and much was to be forgiven him. He said very rude things about Mr. Buchanan and Mr. Fumivall, and looked at some minute contemporaries under the microscope. Nobody cared: they were fair game; and so the habit of being rude grew on Mr. Swinburne. It was an evil day when he was allowed—a naughty little boy of thirty odd summers—to call Mr. Emerson 'a hoary and now toothless ape.' (To differ from Mr. Swinburne turns any one by that mere act into an ape.) He should have been well snubbed on that occasion, but then he was so

young, and so clever. And he has gone on from bad to worse, increasing the shrill falsetto of his abuse, pouring it upon more and more distinguished reputations, until now we are waking up to perceive that Mr. Swinburne has not yet got over faults in manner which only extreme youth can excuse.

"What makes it peculiarly painful to us to have to say this is that we admire the genius of Mr. Swinburne, and that we are not often out of sympathy with the aversions that he expresses. But who can admire the violence of his diction, the absence of anything like moderation in his utterances? We hold no brief here for Mr. Mark Pattison, who, perhaps, had shortcomings; but if anything would make us his fervent apologists, it would be Mr. Swinburne yelling and snarling at him as an 'ape of the Dead Sea.' We were no admirers of the too morbid tendency of certain of the writings of Mr. Symonds, but we said so while he was alive, and we did not wait, as Mr. Swinburne has done, until he is dead, and it is quite safe to insult him. But Mr. Swinburne is such a *preux chevalier*.

"One last word to Mr. Swinburne. No man of letters of our generation has been treated so tenderly, indulged so much, or forgiven so often as he has been. His genius is unquestionable, and on the score of it he has been pardoned faults for which any other writer would be ostracised. But the public patience may become exhausted. And literature has a long memory."

The "long memory" here ascribed to literature may possibly be sharpened, for the writer in "The Saturday Review," by recollection of a little passage at arms between that journal and Mr. Swinburne just ten years ago. When the Poet Laureate of England was made a peer, some Saturday reviewer, to a certain extent justifiably exasperated by the senseless cackle of those who made haste to express the opinion that the acceptance of the honor was unworthy of Tennyson, penned the following memorable words: "As a matter of fact, no man living, or who ever lived—not Cæsar or Pericles, not Shakespeare or Michael Angelo, could confer honor more than he took on entering the House of Lords." Mr. Swinburne promptly took up the gauntlet thus thrown, and, characterizing the remark as "clumsy and shallow snobbery," dashed off "The Conservative Journalist's Anthem," a sonnet neither complimentary to the House of Lords nor to its overzealous journalistic champion. The "long memory" of "The Saturday Review" is clearly illustrated by the article we have reprinted. As for the sonnet, our readers may be interested in having their attention recalled to it.

"O Lords our Gods, beneficent, sublime,  
In the evening, and before the morning flames,  
We praise, we bless, we magnify your names.  
The slave is he that serves not; his the crime  
And shame, who hails not as the crown of Time  
That House wherein the all-envious world acclaims  
Such glory that the reflex of it shames  
All crowns bestowed of men for prose or rhyme.  
The serf, the cur, the sycophant is he  
Who feels no cringing motion twitch his knee  
When from a height too high for Shakespeare nods  
The wearer of a higher than Milton's crown.  
Stoop, Chaucer, stoop: Keats, Shelley, Burns, bow down:  
These have no parts with you, O Lords our Gods."

## COMMUNICATIONS.

### TYNDALL AND SPONTANEOUS GENERATION.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

In your article on John Tyndall, in the current number of THE DIAL, you leave the impression upon the mind of the reader that this great and wise teacher held and taught the doctrine of the spontaneous generation of life. I would be glad to have you indicate from Professor Tyndall's works the basis on which such a representation of his position upon this important matter rests. When and where did he announce any change of opinion from that given in "The Nineteenth Century," page 507, 1878, where he says that, while he wishes the evidence were the other way, he is constrained to "affirm that no shred of trustworthy experimental testimony exists to prove that life in our day has ever appeared independent of antecedent life"?

My mind is entirely hospitable to all the new science, truly so-called; and this is largely because I find no necessary conflict between it and a rationally scriptural theistic conception of the world. If Harvey's maxim, "*Omne vivum ex ovo*," as amended by Charles Robin, "*Omne vivum ex vivo*," is a discredited doctrine, such a position is of difficult if not impossible entertainment. But my reading has led me to believe that, as Professor Huxley declares in his "Critiques and Addresses," this doctrine remains "victorious along the whole line at the present day." After building up any system of religious and scientific truth into comfortable harmony, based upon the conclusions I have judged to be reached by such teachers as Tyndall, Huxley, Wallace, Le Conte, Sir William Thomson, Laycock, Tait, and a host of others, it comes to me as something of a shock to have THE DIAL suggest so radical a change of opinion on the part of a leading authority as that above referred to. No doubt there are many others who would like the information for which I ask.

DWIGHT P. BREED.

Wyandotte, Mich., Dec. 23, 1893.

[That spontaneous generation has occurred, somehow, somewhere, in the history of the world, is a conclusion irresistibly forced upon the thorough-going evolutionist. If Tyndall's frequently quoted words about "the promise and the potency" mean anything at all, they mean that. But spontaneous generation as a necessary link in the evolutionary chain is one thing, and spontaneous generation as an experimental demonstration is quite another. Professor Tyndall's polemic on the subject was directed mainly against the alleged results of one man's experiments, and proved merely that spontaneous generation could not have occurred in Dr. Bastian's laboratory under the conditions specified. If our correspondent will turn to page 269 in the volume of "The Nineteenth Century" already referred to, he will find a fair statement of the way in which spontaneous generation, as a logical postulate, is regarded by the leading biologists of the century. One can only escape their conclusion by recourse to some such hypothesis as that of Lord Kelvin, who suggested that a meteoric body might have brought the first protoplasm to this planet. But this is an obvious evasion of the difficulty, and few,

if any, will take seriously so improbable and inadequate an explanation. We must say in conclusion, that a religious faith whose "comfortable harmony" is capable of being upset by any possible result of biological investigation seems to us in a bad way.—  
EDR. DIAL.]

#### A QUOTATION CORRECTED.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

In the number of THE DIAL for December 16, a communication from "Jonathan," commenting on British asininity as exemplified by the "Saturday Review," quoted from Byron the following:

"The world is a big load of hay;  
Mankind are the asses that pull;  
Each tugs in a different way—  
But the greatest of all is John Bull."

The epigram as Byron wrote it reads thus:

"The world is a bundle of hay,  
Mankind are the asses who pull;  
Each tugs it a different way,  
And the greatest of all is John Bull."

The differences are few and small, perhaps, but when exact quotation is professed it ought to be performed. I notice misquotation of Byron so often that I am led to believe that he is now very little read. M. R.

Indianapolis, Dec. 20, 1893.

#### THE TARIFF ON BOOKS.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

Attracted by your timely comment on the tariff on books in the proposed revision of the tariff law, I have begun circulating the following petition here:

"To [name of Representative in Congress]. We, the undersigned, believing that a tax on knowledge is consistent with neither the idea of a protective tariff nor with that of true liberty, earnestly urge you to exert your influence toward abolishing the duty on imported books and other publications not covered by copyright."

I have also written letters to a dozen friends in other colleges, urging them to begin a similar movement in their Congressional districts. By prompt and concerted action among the friends of free knowledge, the continuance of this deplorable tax may be averted.

WILLIAM J. SEELYE.

University of Wooster, Wooster, O., Dec. 16, 1893.

#### A TRIBUTE TO TWO DEAD AUTHORS.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

Literary workers who are not of the highest grade may well despair of posthumous fame, if they have observed the neglect of the chief literary periodicals of our country to chronicle the passing away, a few months ago, of two authors who, though not in the front rank of writers, yet left behind them contributions to our literature of permanent value. The intelligence of their death reached me in November, through a magazine devoted to autograph collecting, both of these gentlemen having been successful collectors of historical documents.

Thomas Stephens Collier was born in New York City in 1842. He followed the sea from early boyhood, served in the navy during the Civil War, was placed on the retired list of navy officers in 1883, and took up his residence in New London, Conn., where he died suddenly, in October, I think. He was a prominent

member of the New London Historical Society. He contributed poems to the popular magazines, and wrote historical sketches on naval subjects. To a volume of collected poems (1890) he gave the title "Song Spray." A poem of his appears in the tenth volume of the "Library of American Literature."

Charles Colcock Jones, Jr., was a Georgian, born in 1831. He was admitted to the bar of his native state, but enlisted in the Confederate Army at the breaking out of the war, and rose to the rank of colonel. After the war he returned to his profession, which he practiced in New York. He wrote much on historical subjects, and was the recognized authority in the history of Georgia.

A. H. N.

New Orleans, La., Dec. 18, 1893.

#### A CLASSICAL "SOLECISM."

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

In *parting*, as employed in "the parting guest," there is a survival of a sense that formerly was one of the commonest meanings of *part* when used intransitively, viz., *depart, set out, go away*. This archaic sense of *part* is seen in the lines below:

"Before man parted for this earthly strand,  
While yet upon the verge of heaven he stood."  
(Matthew Arnold, Poems, "Revolutions.")

The employment of *part* in this way was extremely frequent in the seventeenth and the latter part of the sixteenth century.

"... she told him the truth, with all circumstances; how being parted alone [*how having set out alone*], meaning to die in some solitary place. . . ." (Sir Philip Sidney, "Arcadia," Collected Writings, ed. 1598, p. 28).

*Part from*, or merely *part*, was used with *hence* and similar adverbs.

"My lord, 'tis time for us to part from hence."  
(Thomas Dekker, "The Shoemaker's Holiday," Act V. sc. i.)  
"No, I am fitt not to part hence without him."  
(Milton, "Sampson Agonistes," l. 1481.)

I have said that *depart* is an archaic meaning of *part*. Yet there is considerable evidence that this sense, in certain connections, at least, is in common use. For instance, in Webster's International Dictionary, the second definition of *part v. i.* is "to go away, to depart, to take leave," etc.; and one of the illustrative quotations cited is this: "He owned he had parted from the duke only a few hours before." (Macaulay.) Similar definitions, without characterization or comment, are found in other dictionaries. But, if this sense of *part* is not really archaic, how does it happen that the historic difference between *part from* and *part with* is so often overlooked by scholarly people when they are moved to caution the unlearned against a supposed misuse of *part with*? Here is an example:

"So, though we still say 'I parted with a house,' or 'with a servant' (considered as a chattel, [?], we could not say 'When you parted with the King.'" Rich. II., 2. 2. (E. A. Abbott, "A Shakespearian Grammar," London, 1886, Sect. 194, pp. 128-9.)

The index, referring to this passage, says "'parted with' for 'parted from,' 194." Now, as the play shows us, it was not "you," the queen, that *parted from* the king, but the king that *parted from* the queen—for Ireland. In saying "when you parted with the King," Shakespeare observed a distinction that was usually observed at that time between *part from* and *part with*, but which at the present day is generally disregarded. If the older meaning of *part from* had not sunk into the ob-



security of an archaism, there would be fewer instances of those misconceived corrections of *part with* that turn up now so often.

To *part with* once had three meanings:

(1) To depart with.

" . . . and taking onely with him certaine principall Jewels of his owne, hee [Daiphantus] would have parted [departed] alone with Argalus . . . but that the whole multitude wold needes gard him [Daiphantus] into Arcadia." (Sir Philip Sidney, "Arcadia," Collected Writings, ed. 1598, p. 26.)

(2) To relinquish.

"Soldiers forget their honours, usurers  
Make sacrifice of gold, poets of wit,  
And men religious part with fame and goodness."  
(Massinger, "The Fatal Dowry," Act I, sc. i.)

(3) To be separated from,—especially after the expression of farewell wishes, etc.; to dismiss or let go with courteous expressions of regard.

"Come, Ile convey thee through the City-gate,  
And ere I part with thee, confer at large  
Of all that may concerne thy Love-affairs."  
(The Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act III, sc. i.)

We have to do here with the third meaning of *part with*, and to observe that it differed from the common meaning of *part from*. The widest divergence in the employment of the two phrases would be seen where somebody parted *with* a friend making or about to make a journey, and where an offended or unfriendly person parted *from* another unceremoniously.

"Nay, with your favour let him stay a little;  
I would part with him too, because he is  
Your companion; and I'll begin with him."  
(Thomas Dekker, "The Witch of Edmonton," Act III, sc. ii.)

"He parted frowning from me, as if ruin  
Leap'd from his eyes."

(Henry VIII., Act III, sc. ii.)

In the former of these two quotations evidently the prominent idea belonging to *part with* is the observance of the friendly courtesies that usually are exchanged when friends or acquaintances separate. But it is likely that when there was no occasion for accentuating the differences in sense between *part with* and *part from* that the two phrases were sometimes used interchangeably. It is not clear, for instance, that either would be distinctly more appropriate than the other in the next quotation.

"Before I part with this Mayden City, I will make a parallel betwixt her and old Rome . . ." (James Howell, "A Survey of the Signorie of Venice," ed. 1651, p. 44.)

Here the courteous dismissal or surrender of the "Mayden City" may be the idea uppermost in the mind of the writer.

Whether the distinction between *part from* and *part with*, pointed out above, has lasted to the present day, I am uncertain; for, notwithstanding that the distinction is disregarded by the many, it may, perhaps, be observed by the few. But, anyhow, a misconception of the real difference between the two phrases has grown up, so that people who are ambitious to speak and write the best schoolmaster's English substitute *part from* for *part with* in cases where, if the two phrases do not mean the same thing, *part with* is, in fact, more appropriate. It is to be regretted that this pedagogic affectation is countenanced by Dr. Fitzedward Hall's high authority.

In "Recent Exemplifications of False Philology" (pp. 103-6), Dr. Hall, citing examples of "solecisms" found in the writings of Nathaniel Hawthorne and Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, italicises *with* in the following passage quoted (p. 106) from "The Autocrat of the

Breakfast-table": "I remember a young wife who had to part *with* her husband for a time." In the index, we are told that, at page 106, *part with* is for *part from*.

But *part with*, as there employed by Dr. Holmes, has been classical English for three centuries. To the examples previously given I will add the following:

" . . . To avoid seeing people that I love well enough to be very much mortified when I think I am going to part with them for ever." (Lady M. W. Montagu, Letter, Vienna, Jan. 16, O. S. 1717.)

But observe the use of *part from* in the next quotation:

"Poor Lady G— is parting from her discreet spouse for a mere trifle." (Id., Letter to the Countess of Mar, Twickenham, 1723.)

"An affectionate wife, when in fear of parting with her beloved husband, heartily desired of God his life or society, upon any conditions that were not sinful." (Taylor—Cited in Johnson's Dictionary, first ed., 1755, To *part with*.)

"She could not divest herself of the belief that she had parted with Valancourt to meet no more." (Ann Radcliffe, "The Mysteries of Udolpho," 2d ed., 1794, vol. i., ch. xiv., p. 402.)

"She came solitarily down the gravel walk—a Miss Martin just appearing at the door, and parting with her seemingly with ceremonious civility." (Jane Austen, "Emma," first ed., vol. ii., ch. v., p. 72.)

"I had, apparently, most reason for dejection, because I was leaving the savior of my life. . . . She, on the contrary, who was parting with one who had little means of serving her, except by kindness and brotherly treatment, was overcome by sorrow." (Thomas De Quincey, "Confessions of an English Opium-Eater," Boston, 1856, p. 48.)

"I went to various coasts of the Mediterranean; parted with my friends at Rome. . . ." (Cardinal Newman, "Apologia pro Vita Sua," London, 1883, ch. i., p. 32.)

"For here I came, twenty years back,—the week  
Before I parted with poor Edmund."

(Tennyson, "The Brook.")

" . . . unknown to any one lest the troops should lose courage at parting with him, he [Cæsar] flew across through an enemy's country with a handful of attendants to Vienne, on the Rhone. . . ." (James Anthony Froude, "Cæsar," New York, 1879, p. 345.)

" . . . when the pangs of parting with the old lady were no longer felt in all their intensity." (Philip Gilbert Hamerton, "Harry Blount," ch. ii.)

"Our Boston informant writes so crisply and smartly that one is unwilling to part with him." (Matthew Arnold, "A Word about America," Boston, 1888, p. 78.)

The distinction between *part from* and *part with* that has been defined and illustrated above seems to have been observed more or less—I am not prepared to say always—by Macaulay, De Quincey, and Matthew Arnold. By De Quincey and Macaulay, however, the suggestion of good-will and regret associated with *part with* was disregarded.

" . . . if I had parted with him at that moment, I should have thought of him . . . as a surly and almost brutal fellow." (De Quincey, "Confessions of an English Opium-Eater," Boston, 1856, p. 50.)

"Influenced by such considerations as these, James, from the time at which he parted in anger with his Parliament, began to meditate a general league of all Nonconformists. . . ." (Macaulay, "History of England," ch. vii.)

James had in person prorogued Parliament.

"The authority of very excellent writers," says Dr. Hall in his *Doctor Indoctus* (p. 45) "justifies 'than whom'; and there is an end." Is not the authority for Dr. Holmes's "solecism" as good? Sometimes Dr. Hall's judgments seem arbitrary. R. O. WILLIAMS.

New Haven, Conn., Dec. 23, 1895.



## The New Books.

## HANS BREITMANN'S GROSSTHATEN.\*

In turning over the leaves of Mr. Leland's vivacious, if rather chaotic, Memoirs, one is impelled to exclaim with Mr. Wackford Squeers, "Here's richness!" Mr. Leland really seems to have been a little of everything, seen a little of everything, done a little of everything, and read a little of everything; yet in spite of his multifarious experiences he sees fit to make the following modest disclaimer in his preface:

"As some of my readers will find these volumes wanting in personal adventure and lively variety of experiences, and perhaps dull as regards 'incidents,' I would remind them that it is, after all, only the life of a mere literary man and quiet, humble scholar, and that such existences are seldom very dramatic."

Were the writer any other than Mr. Leland—whom all men know as the pink of modesty and candor,—one might reply, quoting Socrates, "I see your vanity, Antisthenes, peeping through the holes in your cloak." What may be Mr. Leland's notion of a really active and stirring life, we know not; but his readers will scarcely accept as a literary recluse and "quiet, humble scholar" one who has been by turns a roistering *Bursch* at Heidelberg and Munich, a chimes-at-midnight reveller of the Latin Quarter, a barricade hero in a Paris revolution, a *bon ami* of Lola Montez and a pupil of A. Bronson Alcott, a managing editor under P. T. Barnum and John W. Forney,—a man, in short, whose career seems to have been (at least so far as it is treated in the present volume) about as serene and scholastic as the finale of a certain famous "barty." Mr. Leland's life has had, of course, its sporadic intervals of comparative quiet; but we note the above phases lest the prospective reader of the Memoirs be turned from his purpose by the author's hint of the very last quality to be predicated of it—dryness.

Mr. Leland says that his book was written, not directly for publication, but with the idea that "a certain friend" might use it at the proper time as a source whence to form a life. "Therefore," he adds, "I wrote, as fully and honestly as I could, *everything* which I could remember which had made me what I am." The volume treats in detail of the author's infancy in Philadelphia (where he was born in 1824), with some note of the quaint old Qua-

ker City as it then was, and of many of its inhabitants who still remembered Colonial times and Washington's Republican Court; of his boyhood, school-days, and early reading; of his college life at Princeton, Heidelberg, Munich, and Paris; of the stirring events of the French Revolution of '48, *quorum pars magna fuit*; of his subsequent life in America as lawyer, author, journalist, soldier, etc.; of his three years' connection with Colonel Forney, "during which," he says, "Grant's election was certainly carried by him, and in which, as Forney declared, I 'had been his right-hand man'"; of his writing of sundry books, such as the "Breitmann Ballads"; and of his subsequent life in Europe down to the year 1870. It will be seen even from this meagre synopsis that the author's idea of the career of a "quiet, humble scholar" differs somewhat from the conventional one. Without attempting to follow Mr. Leland's sprightly recital in detail or in the order of narration, we shall select therefrom a few random extracts that may serve in a general way to indicate its quality. After a laborious course of jurisprudence, tobacco, metaphysics, Rheinwein, *Natur-philosophie*, lager, "und leider auch Theologie," at Heidelberg and Munich, our quiet scholar reached Paris (1847), and here his exploits, as a student of the Latin Quarter, seem to have been largely of the sort boasted of by Robert Shallow, Esquire. To cite a very mild instance:

"It happened one night at Bobinot's that I sat in the front row of the stage-box, and by me a very pretty, modest, and respectable young girl, with her elder relations or friends. How it happened I do not know, but they all went out, leaving the young lady by me, and I did not speak to her. Which 'point' was at once seized by the house. The pit, as if moved by one diabolical inspiration, began to roar, '*Il l'embrassera!*' (He will kiss her), to which the gallery replied, '*Il ne l'embrassera pas!*' (He won't). So they kept it up and down alternately like see-sawing, to an intonation. . . . I saw that something must be done; so, rising, I waved my glove, and there was dead silence. Then I began at the top of my voice, in impassioned style, in German, an address about matters and things in general, intermingled with insane quotations from Latin, Slavonian, anything. A change came o'er the spirit of the dream of my auditors, till at last they 'took,' and gave me three cheers. I had *sold* the house."

Soon after reaching Paris Mr. Leland took lodgings in a house in the Rue de la Harpe called the Hôtel de Luxembourg,—a nest, as it proved, of rather doubtful and desperate characters. In the same establishment dwelt a small actress or two, and divers students, or men who were extremely busy all winter in plotting the revolution which presently broke out:

\* MEMOIRS. By Charles Godfrey Leland (Hans Breitmann). With portrait. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

"At last the ball opened. . . . The great storm-bell of Notre Dame rang all night long. The next morning I rose, and telling Leonard Field, who lived in the same hotel with me, that I was going to work in earnest, loaded a pair of duelling-pistols, tied a sash round my waist, *en révolutionnaire*, and with him went forth to business. First I went to the Café Rotonde, hard by, and got my breakfast. Then I sallied forth, and found in the Rue de la Harpe a gang of fifty insurgents, who had arms and a crowbar, but who wanted a leader. Seeing that I was one of them, one said to me, 'Sir, where shall we make a barricade?' I replied that there was one already to the right and another farther down, but that a third close at hand was open. Without a word they handed me the crowbar, and I prized up the stones out of the pavement while they undertook the harder work of piling them up. In a few minutes we had a solid wall eight feet high. Then remembering that there was a defenceless spot somewhere else, I marched my troop thither, and built another barricade—all in grim earnest without talking. . . . There was a garçon named Edouard, who always waited on me in the Café Rotonde. While I was working for life at my second barricade, he came out holding a napkin, and examining my labor critically, waved it, exclaimed approvingly, '*Tris bien, Citoyen Charles—tris bien!*' It was his little joke for some days after to call me Citoyen Charles."

"Citoyen Charles's" republican enthusiasm was not, it seems, shared by all his compatriots in Paris. One day, he relates, there came sprawl-  
ing over the barricades—

"A tall ungainly red-haired Yankee, a student of medicine, whom I had met before, and who began to question me as to what I was doing. To which I replied, 'What the devil do you want here anyhow?' not being in a mood to be trifled with. To which he replied, 'Nawthin', only a kinder lookin' round. But what on airth—' 'But are you for us or against?' I cried. 'Will, I ain't on no side.' 'See here,' I cried in a rage, 'those who are not for us are against us. Any one of those fellows you see round here would shoot you at once if I told him to, and if you don't clear out in double quick time, by God I will!'"

Evidently, the once humble scholar was fast ripening into a Marat or a St. Just, and might have inaugurated a new Reign of Terror had not the revolution speedily ended. He gives the following graphic picture of the *dénoûment*:

"All at once we heard a terrible outcry down the street. There was a tremendous massing of soldiers there, and to defend that barricade meant death to all defenders. I confess that I hesitated *one instant*, and then rushed headlong to join the fight. Merciful God! the troops had fraternized with us, and they were handing their muskets over to the mob, who were firing them in the air. The scene was terribly moving. My men, who a minute before had expected to be shot, rushed up, embraced and kissed the soldiers, wept like children—in short, everybody kissed and embraced everybody else, and all my warriors got guns, and therewith I dismissed them, for I knew that the war was now at an end."

We have spoken of Mr. Leland's acquaintance with Lola Montez—in 1847 a tremendous

celebrity in Munich, and the King's last favorite. Ludwig, bye-the-bye, had had all his mistresses painted, one by one, and in the spirit of a true king and liberal art-patron had *thrown the gallery open to the public*. Lola's portrait was the last, but the royal foresight had left space for a few more. "I thought," says the author, "that about twenty-five would complete the collection." Mr. Leland describes Lola as very small, pale, and thin, or *frêle*, with fine blue eyes and curly black hair—a typical beauty, with a face full of character, and a person of great and varied reading. Men generally were madly fascinated with her, then as suddenly disenchanted, "and then detracted from her in every way." It was in later years, in America, that Mr. Leland knew Lola Montez—when he was in no danger of the royal bow-string, and the "space for a few more" in the Paphian gallery had perceptibly dwindled. Once, he says,—

"She proposed to me to make a bolt with her to Europe, which I declined. . . . An intimate of both of us who was present when this friendly proposal was made remarked with some astonishment, 'But, Madame, by what means can you two live?' 'Oh,' replied Lola innocently and confidently, 'people like us' (or 'who know as much as we') 'can get a living anywhere.' And she rolled us each a cigarette, with one for herself. I could tell a number of amusing tales of this Queen of Bohemia, but Space, the Kantian god, forbids me more."

From Mr. Leland's lively account of his "soldiering" during the Civil War we shall allow ourselves two extracts. It was shortly before Gettysburg, when the North had risen *en masse* at the news of Lee's advance. Mr. Leland was put on guard, when, he says,—

"There came shambling to me an odd figure. There had been some slight attempt by him to look like a soldier—he had a *feather* in his hat—but he carried his rifle as if after deer or raccoons, and as if he were used to it. 'Say, Cap!' he exclaimed, 'Kin you tell me where a chap could git some ammunition?' 'Go to your quartermaster,' I replied. 'Ain't got no quartermaster.' 'Well, then to your commanding officer—to your regiment.' 'Ain't got no commanding officer nowher' this side o' God, ner no regiment.' 'Then who the devil are you, and where do you belong?' 'Don't belong nowher'. I'll jest tell you, Cap, how it is. I live in the south line of New York State, and when I heard that the rebs had got inter Pennsylvania, forty of us held a meetin' and 'pinted me Cap'n. So we came down here 'cross country, and 'rived this a'ter-noon, and findin' fightin' goin' on, went straight fer the bush. And gittin' cover, we shot the darndest lot of rebels you ever *did* see. And now all our ammunition is out, I've come to town for more, for there's some of 'em left—who want killin' badly.' 'See here, my friend,' I replied, 'you don't know it, but you're nothing but a bushwhacker, and anybody has a right to shoot you out of hand. Do you see that great square

tent?' Here I pointed to the general's marquee. 'Go in there and get yourself enrolled.' And the last I saw of him he was stumbling over the sticks in the right direction."

For our second extract, we select this:

"For bringing out the art of taking care of yourself, a camp in time of war is superior even to 'sleeping about in the markets,' as recommended by Mr. Weller. Other talents may be limited, but the amount of 'devil' which can be developed out of a 'smart' boy as a soldier is absolutely infinite. College is a Sunday-school to it. One of these youths had 'obtained' a horse somewhere which he contrived to carry along. Many of our infantry regiments gradually converted themselves into cavalry by this process of 'obtaining' steeds; and as the officers found that their men could walk better on horses' legs they permitted it. This promising youngster was one day seated on a caisson or ammunition wagon full of shells, etc., when it blew up. By a miracle he rose in the air, fell on the ground unhurt, and marching immediately up to the lieutenant and touching his hat, exclaimed, 'Please sir, caisson No. Two is blown to hell; please appoint me to another!' That oath was not recorded. Poor boy! he died in the war."

In 1869 Mr. Leland revisited Europe, sailing from New York on the famed *Pereire*. "We had not left port," he says, "before a droll incident occurred."

"On the table in the smoking-room lay a copy of the 'Ballads of Hans Breitmann.' A fellow-passenger asked me, 'Is that your book?' I innocently replied 'Yes.' 'Excuse me, sir,' cried another, 'it is mine.' 'I beg your pardon,' I replied, 'but it is really mine.' 'Sir, I bought it.' 'I don't care if you did,' I replied, 'it is mine—for I wrote it.' There was a roar of laughter, and we all became acquainted at once."

Relating his experiences at Venice, Mr. Leland gives some amusing instances of the proverbial linguistic ingenuity of the Italians.

"I have spoken of having met Mr. Wright at Heidelberg. He was from Wilkesbarre, Pennsylvania. The next day after my arrival I found among the names of the departed, 'Signore Wright-Kilkes, from Barre, Pennsylvania, America.' This reminded me of the Anglo-American who was astonished at Rome at receiving invitations and circulars addressed to him as 'Illustrissimo Varanti Solezer.' It turned out that an assistant, reading aloud to the clerk the names from the trunks, had mistaken a very large 'Warranted Sole Leather' for the name of the owner."

The author's closing chapter, headed "England," contains some piquant gossip touching literary and other notabilities,—Tennyson, Lewes, George Eliot, Lord Lytton, Lord Houghton, Doré, George Borrow, etc.,—from which we may select the following account of an encounter with Carlyle as a fitting finale. Mr. Leland met the inflammable sage at the Chelsea house, and he seems to have fairly given him a Roland for his Oliver. He says:

"I can only remember that for the first twenty or thirty minutes Mr. Carlyle talked such a lot of skimble-

skamble stuff and rubbish, which sounded like the very *débris* and lees of his 'Latter-Day Pamphlets,' that I began to suspect he was quizzing me, or that this was the manner in which he ladled out Carlyleism to visitors who came to be Carlyled and acted unto."

It was pretty evident that the philosopher was out of humor and that a row was imminent.

It quickly came about. After preliminary sparring (in ring parlance), Mr. Carlyle let fall something to the effect that "we had done nothing in America since Cromwell's Revolution of any importance." Then, says Mr. Leland,—

"A great rage came over me, and I remember very distinctly that there flashed through my mind in a second the reflection, 'Now if I have to call you a d—d old fool for saying that, I will; but I'll be even with you.' When as quickly the following inspiration came, which I uttered, and I suspect somewhat energetically: 'Mr. Carlyle, I think that my brother, Henry Leland, who got the wound from which he died standing by my side in the war of the rebellion, fighting against slavery, was worth ten of my old Puritan ancestors; at least he died in a ten times better cause. And allow me to say, Mr. Carlyle, that I think that in all matters of historical criticism you are principally influenced by the merely melodramatic and theatrical.' Here Mr. Carlyle, looking utterly amazed and startled, though not at all angry, said, for the first time, in broad Scotch—'Whot's that ye say?' 'I say, Mr. Carlyle,' I exclaimed with rising wrath, 'that I consider that in all historical judgments you are influenced only by the melodramatic and theatrical.' A grim smile as of admiration came over the stern old face. Whether he really felt the justice of the hit I know not, but he was evidently pleased at the manner in which it was delivered, and it was with a deeply reflective and not displeased air that he replied—'Na, na, I'm nae *thot*.' It was the terrier that had ferociously attacked the lion, and the lion was charmed. From that instant he was courteous, companionable, and affable, and talked as if we had been long acquainted, and as if he liked me."

But we have already poached enough on Mr. Leland's preserves to tempt the reader thitherward. The volume is outwardly attractive, and it contains a fair portrait of the author.

E. G. J.

#### THE MACHINERY OF GOVERNMENT.\*

Professor Goodnow's two volumes on "Comparative Administrative Law" are a part of the comprehensive study of comparative politics planned by members of the faculty of Columbia College. Professor Burgess's "Comparative Constitutional Law" has already appeared, and other works are in preparation.

\* COMPARATIVE ADMINISTRATIVE LAW. An Analysis of the Administrative Systems, national and local, of the United States, England, France, and Germany. By Frank J. Goodnow, A.M., LL.B., Professor of Administrative Law in the University Faculty of Political Science, Columbia College. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.



The plan is in the line of present thinking on the subject of political science in the United States. We have long been dominated by English ideas. We shall doubtless always find in those ideas the norm of our political institutions. And yet many things that have come to us as a heritage of English history, hard won, sometimes, by English struggles for popular liberties, are now in point of fact quite obsolete. Take for instance the right of petition. It is one of the sacred privileges of an American citizen, embedded in our Constitution among those other rights so precious to Anglo-Saxon freemen. And yet this choice guarantee of freedom is in fact as dead as Julius Cæsar. It is utterly useless. Other ways of securing action and protecting rights have been devised, more in harmony with our modern methods. It is forgotten that petition to the crown was originally the only means by which the commonalty could initiate English legislation calculated to redress grievances. But that custom has, centuries since, passed into oblivion, and now there is no popular demand which cannot readily be brought before Congress in the shape of a bill. Indeed, the few laws that come from our various legislative bodies are but a scanty survival of the swarm of measures that have died in one house or the other. The problem now is, not how to secure consideration for a scheme of legislation, but how to prevent the enactment of the most of them. And to that end our bi-cameral system is certainly a blessing. It produces an extensive mortality among bills. And so our legislators do quite right in receiving petitions perfunctorily and then quietly depositing them in the legislative waste-basket.

The world is nearer together than it was a century since. The social problems to be solved are not so different, after all, whether wrought out by Frenchman or Englishman or American. And we need all the fruit of all the experience that civilized brains have worried through. Comparative politics recognizes this essential unity at least of European races. Perhaps the legal systems of people in the moon might be little more to us than a curiosity. But German and French institutions are merely Aryan ways of meeting difficulties — and we are Aryans.

With this broadening of human sympathies, then, our American isolation is lessening. We can learn from what others have done. And we may be sure that our learning is very incomplete if we limit it to Anglo-Saxon doings. The field of Administrative Law is not a small

one. We have not been in the habit of considering it by itself in America, though in Europe it has long been a recognized branch of legal science. Our conception of the relation of the courts to administrative officials is different. A dispute between officials, or a grievance of a citizen against an official, is brought before the same courts that take cognizance of ordinary civil cases. We do not think of any sacredness hedging about the administrative hierarchy that would keep its members from submitting to the usual jurisdictions. In France, however, administrative cases come before special courts, created *ad hoc*. The same considerations that keep one supreme court from considering political acts of the national legislature, in the French view apply to all administrative acts. In other words, the executive and judicial branches in that country are more really separate than with us. And this has perhaps with them helped widen the distinction between the two bodies of law. We have not heretofore made much of that distinction.

However, our administrative system is very extensive and complex, and is growing more so with the development of the republic. We make much of our local self-government. And yet our various commonwealths — States, we are pleased to call them — are really highly centralized. Local communities have their affairs managed through agencies devised and modified and entirely revolutionized quite at the will of the central authorities. And local officials are usually the agents of the commonwealths for many purposes. At the same time, the central control is very weak in actual administration. The municipal treasurer is an officer of the state as well as of the city, and yet the state has only a weak hold on him. Further, our desire that the people shall be in close touch with the administrative system has led to a multiplication of offices with little or no salary attached. We secure popular government, but at the sacrifice too often of efficiency. Thus we have really a curious jumble in our system of managing the public business — administrative centralization and local independence all tangled together.

It is clear enough that our whole machinery needs overhauling and improving. And to do that with success we need to know definitely just what legal relations have grown up among us, and how the other great nations manage the same things. To this end Professor Goodnow's study in comparative politics is a valuable contribution.



The first of the two volumes details the organization of the administrative systems in France, Germany, Great Britain, and the United States,—the same four nations selected by Professor Burgess for his "Comparative Constitutional Law." This seems rather a large proportion of the work to devote to a preliminary analysis. And yet perhaps less could hardly have been done in the present state of political science. The basis of this part of the work is Professor Burgess's book, with that of Howard on the "Local Constitutional History of the United States." These are supplemented in a scholarly way by researches of others, and by ample investigation of judicial decisions. The analysis is a very clear one, and has a value quite independent of its relation to what follows. One who desires a good idea of the working system of administering government among the great nations can do no better than to read Professor Goodnow's first volume. In general, the statements of facts are very accurate. Perhaps exception might be taken to a remark on page 76. In speaking of the appointing power in the State of New York, and of the old Council of Appointment, the author says:

"Here the Governor had the power to appoint most officers in the commonwealth, but was subject in the exercise of the power to the necessity of obtaining the consent of the Council of Appointment formed of members of the Senate elected by the Assembly. In 1801, however, the power was given to each member of the Council to nominate for appointment."

This is true, and perhaps all that is essential for the purposes intended. Still, it is calculated to mislead one as to the facts. The New York constitution of 1777 provided (Art. XXIII.) for the choice of a Council of Appointment, as follows:

"The Assembly shall, once in every year, openly nominate and appoint one of the Senators from each great district,\* which Senators shall form a council for the appointment of the said officers, of which the Governor . . . shall be president and have a casting voice, but no other vote; and with the advice and consent of the said council, shall appoint all the said officers; and that a majority of the said council be a quorum."

The construction given this clause in the early years of the constitution vested in the governor the exclusive right to nominate, and restricted the councillors to voting, thus giving "advice and consent" on such nominations. But in 1794 the Federalists chose three of the four councillors, and this majority insisted that under the constitution they had a right of nominating concurrently with the governor. As

\* There were four great districts in the State.

the governor, George Clinton, was a Republican, it was obvious that this new construction would enable the Federalists to control all the appointments. They insisted on their point, against the protest of Governor Clinton, and thus secured the appointment of a Federalist as Supreme Court judge. The following year (1795) a Federalist governor, John Jay, was elected, and for several years there was no occasion for a difference of opinion in the council. But in 1800 the Republicans again secured the state legislature, and of course a majority in the Council of Appointment; and so the tables were turned. It was now the Republicans who insisted that the constitution meant to give the members of the council a concurrent right of nomination with the governor, and the Federalists who bitterly opposed. This collision resulted in an act of the legislature recommending a constitutional convention, which should have as one purpose to *determine the true construction of the twenty-third article of the constitution*. This convention was held accordingly, and adopted as its fifth article the following:

"And this convention do further . . . ordain, determine, and declare, that by the true construction of the twenty-third article of the constitution of this state the right to nominate all officers . . . is vested concurrently in the person administering the government of this state for the time being and in each of the members of the council of appointment."

Thus the action of this convention was not the addition of a new power to those held by the council, but merely the judicial construction of its powers under the constitution as it stood. It must be admitted, however, that the construction thus given was rather a violent one, and probably not at all what was intended by the framers of the constitution of 1777.

Professor Goodnow (page 98) takes the usual ground that the English crown has lost the veto power. He is certainly safer in this view than his colleague, Professor Burgess, who has an ingenious but rather nebulous theory that the power might still be exercised. Perhaps it might. But as it is fairly certain that it never will be, the hypothesis can hardly be called a working one in practical politics.

Attention is called by a passing remark (page 204) to the fact that "the courts of several of the commonwealths [of the United States] have held that the preservation of the peace is not a municipal function." The time will come when this truth will have wider recognition. A local police, managed by local politicians too often directly dependent on the

criminal classes, can hardly be expected to be independent of local influences. The maintenance of order should have its source in a jurisdiction wider than any city or any county. We shall come to this in time.

Volume II. treats of "Legal Relations." In other words, this is the treatise on Administrative Law for which the first volume merely clears the way. The three divisions are, "The Law of Officers," "The Administration in Action," and "The Control over the Administration." The last division is treated the most copiously, as is natural. The American student of politics will find no greater interest than in the chapter on "The Administrative Jurisdiction in France." The principles of Montesquien relating to the separation of powers have nowhere else been carried to their logical end as they have in France. The French administrative courts that have resulted are well worth our study.

The machinery of government in the United States is far from perfect. It needs overhauling at many points, as has been said. And to do that intelligently there must be general knowledge of other methods, as well as of our own. As a contribution to this knowledge, Professor Goodnow's book will be cordially welcomed.

HARRY PRATT JUDSON.

#### A PONDEROUS BIOGRAPHY.\*

It is a good deal to devote two volumes, of about five hundred closely-printed pages each, to the first half of anybody's life. Dr. Pusey's career was interesting and important, but he was hardly one of those salient historic personalities whose every word and deed should be permanently recorded. With all his abundant gifts, Canon Liddon has lacked a sense of proportion. Dr. Pusey loomed before him a little larger than he really was. Not every scrap from his pen was precious. Canon Liddon died before the final revision of this work, yet there is no reason to think that its scale had been diminished had he lived himself to issue it. The result is somewhat excessive. Accumulated details do not always add to the impression. We cannot help thinking that this is one of the instances which Hesiod anticipated when he said that the half had been more than the whole.

\*THE LIFE OF EDWARD BOUVERIE PUSEY. By Henry Farry Liddon. In two volumes. New York: Longmans, Green, & Co.

Hitherto the Tractarian movement has been singularly happy in those who have portrayed it. Mozley's *Reminiscences* are as lively gossip as Pepys's *Diary*. Dean Burgon's *Twelve Good Men* were not evaporated and desiccated saints, but a round dozen of characters, brim-full of human nature. Ward's life by his son is a striking portraiture of an extraordinary person—a "freak" or "sport" in the ecclesiastical garden. Newman's "Apologia" is almost an English classic. Dean Church's review of the Oxford Movement is rich in delightful matter. But Liddon's life of Pusey, while it may stand on the same shelf with Church and Ward and Burgon and Mozley and Newman, will not share their longevity. We seem to hear Burgon whisper to Mozley, behind Newman's back, "Not altogether a work of inspiration, and perhaps slightly protracted—eh?" and if departed shades are still capable of critical estimates, Dean Church may be seen to smile in genial acquiescence. Yet this is the life of one placed in the central current of a great religious movement, a movement which has influenced for good or ill—perhaps for good and ill—the Anglican Communion for a half century. It is strange that of the three chiefs of Tractarianism no one should have had a striking biography, neither Keble nor Newman, nor, as now, Dr. Pusey.

There are all sorts of memoirs. There are those that seize the very man and transfer him bodily to the printed page. So Johnson lives in Boswell, and Scott in Lockhart, and Macaulay in Trevelyan. Others distil the finer essence of the man, yet the work lacks body. So certain delicate artists manage to miss the outward features of their sitter while yet eliciting his soul. Thus Maurice's life by his son may be called a memoir of a disembodied spirit. The prophet, as his disciples loved to call him, is there; but the man who paid taxes, and went to market, and had his little tempers and absurdities, hardly comes to the surface. And there are memoirs like Masson's life of Milton, where you lose the figure in the landscape, the person in the period, and are rather surprised when from time to time he emerges.

As writers differ, so subjects differ. There are men who lend themselves naturally to vivid presentation, who suggest lines of caricature to their enemies, and photographic sharpness of light and shadow to their friends; whose humors are representative, who are very like themselves and very much of their own opinion; men whom you love or detest, but cannot

easily ignore or forget; men of caprice and quaintness like Lamb, of robust sense and non-sense like Montaigne, men of mingled contradictions like Swift or Carlyle, men of blood and iron like Cromwell or Bismarck, men of genius interwrought with goodness and humor like Scott or Lowell. And there are other men, who, in whatever glare of publicity they may be standing, whatever cause they are forwarding, however they may seem to be leading, yet somehow evade scrutiny, lack distinction, puzzle observation; men who may be even great in a sort, yet are always a little tiring in their greatness; who, clad in every virtue, are after all but half visible. Those who are not of their inner circle are tempted to describe them as "good men in the worst acceptation of the word." You may esteem and reverence them, but can go no farther. For your life, you cannot approach them with any familiar liking. Alone on a desert island you might be grateful for their company, but with inward hesitations and reservations.

Somewhat of this latter sort must have been the late Dr. Pusey. One of his disciples speaks of him as "so awful a person." This is not at all the view which Dr. Liddon meant to give of him, but it is the impression left on reading these volumes of his biography. They portray not so much a man as an ecclesiastic, a schoolman, a body of divinity. He has hardly personal traits; rather, he is marked by theological tendencies. He has a subtle if not always a lucid intellect, a fervid rather than a luminous power of expression, an energetic and imperative conscience, a positive and tenacious will, a warm affection for a few persons, and an ardent passion for several abstract ideas; but there seems not very much flesh and blood to him. He has a defined outline, but you doubt his possession of the usual three dimensions. You might sketch him in pen-and-ink, or bite him in with acid on copper; but you could hardly model him all round in clay, or paint him with a full palette in body color. You wonder if you tickle him would he laugh — if you prick him would he bleed? The very supposition seems incongruous.

Nor was any such lack of vitality in the subject likely to be made good by a superabundance of vitality in the painter. The art of Liddon is not that of Rubens or of Tintoret. It is academic always, like that of the Caracci. While he was undoubtedly an able man, a learned and devout man, a man of eloquence and enthusiasm, a fervid rhetorician, he was

not at all a fresh or suggestive man. His mind, however richly stored, was of a dry and scholastic cast, dwelling in the atmosphere of school divinity and ecclesiasticism, rather than of philosophic thought or spiritual intuition. The soil is highly cultivated, but not originally fertile. There is not a touch of saving humor or penetrative imagination in either biographer or subject of the biography. In all these thousand pages one hardly comes upon a striking illustration, a revealing anecdote, or a quotable passage. The reader's mind is kept on an unbroken level. The tone is that of intense seriousness, unrelieved by any momentary play of thought. No one, it is said, was ever so wise as Lord Thurlow looked. Was anyone, it may be asked, ever so undeviatingly solemn as Dr. Pusey is made to appear throughout these ponderous volumes? When his children enter the drawing-room after dinner, it is Newman who frolics with them and tells them quaint stories; it is not Pusey. One is compelled to wonder if he never encountered his fellow Tractarian Ward, or caught a twinkle in the eye of Mozley? Was he always in such deadly earnest? Could not even the irony of events extort from him a smile? Was "The Great Man" always so impressed with the consciousness of his part on the stage of church history, his immediate responsibility for the safe conduct of his period, as never to unbend? That title which in Greek Newman bestowed upon Pusey, Henry Wilberforce had already more fittingly bestowed upon Newman. Perhaps when he went over to the Roman Communion he desired to bequeath it to his successor in the Tractarian leadership. Certainly Pusey had one element of greatness — the steady head which could let him stand on the very edge of a precipice and look fondly over, without the final leap or plunge. On the whole, there are those who could say of Dr. Pusey that he was not great so much as weighty—a word conveying at once two ideas: influential and ponderous, neither quite inapplicable to the subject of this memoir.

Why was he so widely influential? It is not an easy matter from this biography to discover. It was probably due to several combining conditions. He was a man of high social position, with family connection with the nobility; a man of large means and large munificence, of saintly devotion, of ascetic habit, of rare intensity of purpose, of special aptitude for business, and of a certain very English moderation in judgment. He could hold extreme views, yet be content without pushing



them to extreme consequences. The logic of his intellect did not override the caution of his procedure. When more brilliant and more logical minds flashed out of Anglicanism, whose foundations no longer seemed to them trustworthy, into the Roman Communion towards which their growing convictions pointed them, Dr. Pusey could admit their premises without accepting their conclusion, could skim over thin ice without recognizing its insufficiency to support him, could rest on foundations which he himself had helped to undermine, as if they were of bedded adamant. When Ward and Newman and Oakley and Manning discovered that what they held most precious lay upon the farther side of the line that marked the boundary between Rome and Canterbury, Dr. Pusey could remain in the English Church and prepare Roman manuals for Anglican use with placid imperturbability. He suffered, but kept his composure. So, after the loss of Werter, Charlotte went on cutting bread and butter. Where logic called for suicide, Saxon sense preferred serviceableness. Nothing is so congenial to the British mind as a logical contradiction practically justified and disregarded. In our mother church—and island—to hold that two and two makes four, and to decline to take any further steps in that arithmetical progression, is always regarded as wisdom and discretion. It stamps upon its holder the imprint of sound and safe and sober. Such men become influential by force of their very limitations. Such a delicate and able equilibrium of eager courage and patient caution, of profound convictions and suspended application of them, is always interesting, and nowhere more successful in the conduct of life than among English churchmen.

Perhaps another secret of Dr. Pusey's leadership was his entire absorption in ecclesiastical and theological interests. Unless Dr. Liddon has done him strange injustice, he was always "clasped like a missal" against all the outside light or dust that might penetrate his cloister. Here is a life whose course was synchronous with the dawn of modern science and the revival of modern literature; yet in the copious correspondence with close friends throughout these volumes, from early childhood to middle life, but for a reference to Byron as an injurious element in his youth, and an occasional reference to Keble—and that more to the theological than to the poetic value of "The Christian Year,"—there is hardly a suggestion that Pusey ever read other than theological

treatises or controversial pamphlets. Scholar as he was, there is no hint of his delight in the classics, whether Greek or Latin. He was careless of graces of style. He was indifferent to the charms of literature. He was unobservant of the march of science. He was unconcerned with the development of art or music. He built churches, but displays no taste for architecture. The one thing that interested him was patristic theology in its impress upon the institution of which he was a part, the Church of England. That sort of concentration is always power. It gives force and intensity in a narrow track. Dr. Pusey, though more of a man, had been less of a leader, if his mind had coursed over a wider field. He would have seen ideas in truer proportions, but he had been less the centre and head of Tractarian influence than he was for a generation from the day that John Henry Newman, after long hesitancy, finally passed over to Rome.

Dr. Liddon well describes Dr. Pusey's long life, which began on August 22, 1800, and lasted until September 16, 1882, as "singularly uneventful, a continuous stream of lectures, sermons, letters, interviews." The interviews have left no trace save in the characters and lives of those whom they influenced. The letters are not sprightly, graphic, nor luminous. For the outpouring of an energetic mind, in free communication with familiar friends, they are remarkably formal and uninteresting. You feel with what justice their author could say of himself, referring to his personal temperament and Wallóon ancestry, "You know I am phlegmatic, and, indeed, Dutch." The sermons and lectures are before the world. Newman's are classics—though Lowell could not relish them, though their highly-wrought rhetoric may possibly be less valued when the present generation passes from the stage and the glamour of their author's personality has been dissipated. But Pusey's sermons and lectures are already obsolescent. There is a certain beauty of holiness, a tender sweetness, about his first volume of parochial discourses. The substance of the lectures, as contained in the volumes on Daniel and the Minor Prophets, later exegetes respectfully recognize. Yet it is in the Tractarian school that Dr. Pusey continues to be an authority, rather than among Christian scholars at large. His vogue is past. No new editions of his works are called for. His scholarly prestige is traditional and not a living force.

He and the men of his time were heated pamphleteers and intolerant polemics. The



day for such intensity of controversy in the church arena is happily ended. Men as opposed as Newman and Arnold, as Hampden and Pusey, have learned to set less store on the things wherein they differ. On public platforms and in church newspapers, they may fling about the old vituperations; but they do it from force of bad habit, and mean very little by them. Their sting has been blunted and their virus neutralized. For the most part, people respect one another's liberty and tolerate their mutual diversities. Yet in one respect, perhaps, we have degenerated. It was once a battle of scholars and thinkers in the region of convictions and ideas. It is now a commotion on a lower level. The Tractarian is departed, and the Ritualist is with us. Now a tract is not an imposing weapon, but it is of more weight than a ceremonial. What to believe is a serious concern. How to behave in the chancel is a histrionic controversy. Perhaps the day is at hand when good men will remember with shame that once such trifles were magnified, that what has been admirably called the mere "etiquette of religion" once divided those who should be brethren.

C. A. L. RICHARDS.

#### AN AMERICAN SCHOOL-TEACHER IN JAPAN.\*

The ability to see things in a foreign land as they really are, and not as they are distorted by the blinding pride of race or religion, is a rare gift. It implies intelligent and sympathetic appreciation of the qualities which, in spite of outward differences, make "the whole world kin." The possession of this ability in a marked degree by the author of "A Japanese Interior" lends distinction to the series of letters in which she relates her experiences during a year's residence in Tokyo. Their freedom from bias is indeed remarkable. As one of the teachers in a school for girls of noble birth, under the management of the Imperial Household Department and the personal patronage of the Empress, Miss Bacon had unusual opportunities. Of these she made excellent use. Her life in Tokyo was spent almost entirely among the Japanese and apart from the foreign colony. The letters, which do not appear to have been written with a view to publication, testify to a desire to accommodate her-

\* A JAPANESE INTERIOR. By Alice Mabel Bacon, author of "Japanese Girls and Women." Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

self in every way to the manners and customs of the people about her, so far as this could be done without the sacrifice of her own individuality. Etiquette among the upper classes in Japan demands familiarity with many conventional observances and calls for much deferential bowing. How Miss Bacon regarded this is shown by a characteristic incident, her account of which is worth repeating. Having received an invitation to see the feast of dolls at the house of one of the Tokugawa daimios—one of the few places in Tokyo where the old-time etiquette is still kept up—she felt it incumbent to prepare herself beforehand.

"Miné gave me a little instruction in the art of getting down on my knees and putting my forehead to the floor, but the present style of American dress makes it very hard to do the thing gracefully, and my joints are a good deal too stiff to allow me to be comfortable during the process. However, I did it after a fashion, and felt very much like a fool in doing it, but it seemed necessary for me to show my appreciation of the kindness that had been shown me by being polite in some manner that my entertainers could recognize. Our good manners are so undemonstrative that only a few foreignized Japanese can discover that we have any at all, and the usual result of an effort here in Japan to copy foreign manners is a complete disregard of all rules of politeness, whether Japanese or foreign."

Miss Bacon's sojourn in Japan was not extended enough to enable her to become thoroughly familiar with all the intricacies of Japanese etiquette, but her observations in regard to it are nevertheless interesting. Toward the end of her stay she writes:

"It is rather a curious experience for me out here, that in my associations with those about me I am 'neither fish, flesh, fowl, nor good red herring.' I am too Japanese for the foreigners, and too foreign for the Japanese; too worldly for the missionaries, and not worldly enough for the rest of the foreign colony; and so, with the exception of my intimate Japanese friends, there is no one in Tokyo who does not seem to regard me as rather out of their line."

Although the author states in the preface that her book is "not intended as an authority on Japan in general, or on any particular phase of life there," no better or more reliable account of the things that came within her observation has yet been written. It does not pretend to be more than a daily chronicle of events, sights, and impressions,—a record of passing thoughts rather than the result of mature deliberation. As such, however, it is a delightful book, written in a simple style and free from affectation. While a longer residence in the country would doubtless have caused some of the comments to be modified, they are for the most part well-considered. Occasionally she makes an over-

statement, as when she says of the Japanese laborer that he has his æsthetic nature "fully" developed. Neither in Japan nor Europe nor America is this literally true of any but the very few. As compared with the similar class elsewhere, however, the Japanese laborer is in this respect immeasurably in advance. Miss Bacon's remarks upon this point are so singularly just that we cannot forbear quoting them:

"With him, 'life is more than meat,' it is beauty as well; and this love of beauty has upon him such a civilizing effect that some people are led to think that the lower classes in Japan do not need Christianity. But when one comes to study them, they are not more moral than our lower classes; they are not as moral; they are only more gentle, more contented, more civilized I should say, except that the word 'civilization' is so difficult to define and to understand that I do not know what it means now as well as I did when I left home."

F. W. GOOKIN.

#### RECENT BOOKS OF FICTION.\*

Why so tasteless a title as "The Handsome Humes" should have been permitted to handicap a really charming novel is known only to Mr. William Black. At any rate, it does not offer the first instance of the sort in the career of this accomplished writer, for he was even capable, upon one

\*THE HANDSOME HUMES. By William Black. New York: Harper & Brothers.

MONTEZUMA'S DAUGHTER. By H. Rider Haggard. New York: Longmans, Green, & Co.

RICHARD ESCOTT. By Edward H. Cooper. New York: Macmillan & Co.

A GENTLEMAN OF FRANCE: Being the Memoirs of Gaston de Bonne, Sieur de Marsac. By Stanley J. Weyman. New York: Longmans, Green, & Co.

DIANA TEMPEST. By Mary Cholmondeley. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

WHAT NECESSITY KNOWS. By L. Dougall. New York: Longmans, Green, & Co.

AN AMERICAN PRERESS. By H. C. Chatfield-Taylor. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.

A COIGN OF VANTAGE. By John Seymour Wood. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

IN THE DWELLINGS OF SILENCE: A Romance of Russia. By Walker Kennedy. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

TOM SYLVESTER. By T. R. Sullivan. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

THE DAYS OF LAMB AND COLERIDGE: A Historical Romance. By Alice E. Lord. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

PENSHURST CASTLE IN THE TIME OF SIR PHILIP SIDNEY. By Emma Marshall. New York: Macmillan & Co.

THE BAILIFF OF TEWKESBURY. By C. E. D. Phelps and Leigh North. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.

GARRICK'S PUPIL. By Augustin Filon. Translated by J. V. Prichard. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.

ON THE CROSS: A Romance of the Passion Play at Oberammergau. By Wilhelmine von Hillern. From the German, by Mary J. Safford. New York: George Gottaberger Peck.

PAN MICHAEL: An Historical Novel of Poland, the Ukraine, and Turkey. By Henryk Sienkiewicz. Translated from the Polish by Jeremiah Curtin. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co.

occasion, of christening a book "That Beautiful Wretch," for which offence it would take more than one "Daughter of Heth" or "Princess of Thule" to atone. Most of Mr. Black's novels belong to the class that are produced by merely shuffling the well-worn cards of the game, and the one now at hand offers no exceptions to this rule. Its master-cards are the Jean Valjean story of self-effacement in the interests of a beloved daughter, and the Marguerite Duval story of the austere parent's plea to spare a cherished son the degradation of stepping down a rung or two upon the social ladder. Let us add that the descent contemplated is not deep enough to be tragic, and that the hero has manliness enough to make it. Here we are for an instant minded of "A Princess of Thule," but marriage does not, in this case, change a gentleman into a cad. The story is rather more pleasing than most of Mr. Black's recent ventures; it is well provided with incident, dramatic upon occasion, sparkling in the flow of its narrative. It is pathetic without being emotional, and its tone is cultivated without being priggish.

Some time ago the newspapers were busily informing the public that Mr. Rider Haggard had gone to Mexico to collect the materials for a new story. The story is now published, is called "Montezuma's Daughter," and justifies the pains taken by the author in making his observations on the spot. We have no doubt that he could have made nearly as good a story out of Prescott and the other books, but there are numerous chapters in which his personal experience stands him in good stead, and the story is both graphic and exciting, although it has no style worth speaking of, and although its conception of plot is about on the level of that displayed by Captain Mayne Reid in his numerous romances. More than once, in fact, Mr. Haggard reminds us of a Mayne Reid *rediculus*, although he seems to have had Kingsley's "Westward Ho!" in sight during the composition of the book. The story is mostly Mexican, and tells of the invasion of Cortes; but there are antecedent passages in England and Spain, for the hero is an English adventurer who finds his way through Spain to Mexico on a vengeful quest. The vengeance is certainly satisfactory when it comes, but is not reached until the hero has had as surprising a series of perils and escapes as even the fertile imagination of the author ever devised. The spelling of Aztec names has been considerably shortened for the infant mind, and "Popocatapetl" is reduced to "Popo." But does not Mr. Haggard know that the infant mind, bent upon geographical lore, simply delights in the name of Popocatapetl, and would not for a wilderness of monkeys have it abbreviated?

"Richard Escott" is both the title of a story and the name of the preposterous villain about whom it centres. He is the son of a noble lord and cabinet minister, but is likewise a blackleg, a cardsharp, and an unspeakable cad. His operations are mostly

carried on in Paris, where he plays with his friends a queer game called "poker," in which you can draw to a hand at least twice, "rise" your opponents at pleasure, and use the deuce of spades as a "joker." The record of Escott's villainies is dreary and unrelieved, and the story is put together with but slight constructive art. The death of the hero is a relief, both because it satisfies the moral sense and because the book has to end with it.

"A Gentleman of France" is a historical romance of the times of Henry of Navarre. Its action is placed in the period when the last of the Valois kings has taken refuge at Blois, and ends with his assassination. The two Henrys figure conspicuously in the narrative, which is as full of stirring adventures as a Christmas pudding of plums, and quite as good as Dumas. The hero is a reduced but very valiant gentleman, and the heroine is a young gentlewoman who at first spurns him as Enid spurned Geraint, but whose pride melts into love when the proper time comes, and who is altogether fascinating. Like Dr. Doyle's "The White Company" and "The Refugees," which it much resembles, Mr. Weyman's story makes extremely vivid the chapter of French history with which it deals. Such books show clearly that Scott is still a power in English fiction, and that the analysts and realists are not to have things entirely their own way.

Diana Tempest is the daughter of Colonel Tempest, a spendthrift guardsman who would have succeeded his brother in the Overleigh estate had it not been for John Tempest, that brother's reputed son, upon whom the estate devolved. In point of fact, John is an illegitimate son, and the fact is known to all concerned excepting the child himself. Whereupon the uncle brings an action against the estate, but is, of course, defeated. He then listens to the promptings of an evil genius named Swayne, and lays ten wagers, each of a thousand pounds to a sovereign, that he will never succeed to Overleigh. Presently, Colonel Tempest is sorry for what he has done, and feels something like remorse. But at this juncture Swayne most inopportunately dies, and his partner in crime then discovers that the ten bets have been transferred to as many persons, and is unable to trace them and take them up. At this point the reader has the fascinating prospect of ten mysterious attempts to murder John, and at least nine hairbreadth escapes. But these reasonable anticipations are not fulfilled, for, after four of the unknown takers of the wager have failed to "remove" their victim and win the Colonel's money, the Colonel concludes to take his own life and thus deprive the other six (whoever they may be) of their occupation. The readers of the story will all agree with the balked assassins that to do this was to take a mean advantage of them. In the meanwhile, John has grown up, unsuspecting of the dangers surrounding him (although mildly surprised at the frequency of the accidents he encounters), and has fallen in love with Diana. Presently, he dis-

covers his illegitimacy, and, acting upon an absurdly quixotic impulse, determines to surrender the property which is both legally and morally his. This foolish proceeding is averted by the death of the Colonel and his scapegrace son, thus leaving the question to be settled by Diana and John, which is not a difficult matter. It will be seen from this outline that the story is both ingenious and exciting; we should add that the author has an incisive style and handles her materials with ease.

A story that keeps the reader puzzled concerning its principal characters, and leaves him in the end uncertain as to what he shall think of them, is clearly lacking in one of the essentials of artistic work. Such a story is "What Necessity Knows," by Miss Dougall, whose "Beggars All" we reviewed about a year ago. Yet the book is made interesting by its divergence from the beaten path, and by a certain force and delicacy which, although crudely embodied, are evident and unmistakable. An episode in the Millerite craze of 1843 is the central situation, and this unpromising material is worked up with considerable insight. The scene is laid in Canada, and the characters are, for the most part, English settlers in that country. There are a great number of prosy pages that might profitably have been condensed or left out altogether.

Mr. Chatfield-Taylor's second novel is a distinct advance upon his first. In construction, in character delineation, and in grasp of its materials, it offers a marked improvement upon its predecessor, and may fairly claim to be taken seriously, a claim that was hardly to be made in behalf of "With Edge Tools." There are faults, of course, and marks of the prentice hand. The writer's style is very defective, and calls for a closer attention than he has given it as yet. Obscure, ill-balanced, and slipshod sentences are of frequent occurrence. Several of the characters exhibit inconsistencies that produce a patch-work effect, and the hero, on at least one occasion, carries frankness to the point of *naïveté* and even beyond, producing an impression clearly different from anything that could have been in the author's intention. But the merits of the book are considerable. It holds the interest from first to last, and many of the episodes are exceedingly well managed. The conversations consist largely of small talk and repartee, but they are seldom unnatural and nearly always clever. Sometimes they are very clever indeed. "The English life depicted in the story is a somewhat superficial sketch," the writer remarks in his preface. This is undoubtedly true, but it is also true that superficial sketches of life have their value, and that this one, which makes no unwarranted pretensions, needs no apologetic introduction. It was not a bad idea for the writer, having safely landed his hero and heroine upon English soil, to take them the rounds of social life, to crushes and house-parties and "meets," to Henley and Goodwood, as a device for providing his story with a pleasing variety of



scenes. In spite of the attractiveness of this shifting background, the human relations woven into the story are of paramount interest, and the characters have considerable reality, although they appear, for the most part, in an artificial environment. We should add that the sentiment of the story is distinctly wholesome.

The "Coign of Vantage" from which Mr. Wood's harum-scarum story is told is an old Roman tower in the Valais, inhabited, for a few days, by a small party of tourists, bent upon a lark. It goes without saying that they are Americans, and that great is the surprise—not to say consternation—of inn-keeper and village folk when our tourists propose to divert the tower from its time-honored uses as a sight to be seen to an abode to be lived in. Installed in their romantic quarters, our tourists find their existence enlivened by a series of unexpected incidents, and soon become actors in a comedy of errors the scenes whereof are developed with slight regard to the probabilities or the conventionalities. The story has the usual matrimonial outcome, and is told not without cleverness and point.

"In the Dwellings of Silence" is a romance of Russia and Siberian exile. As the treatment is no less hackneyed than the material, and as the book is rather carelessly written, comment is hardly called for. The horrors with which "Stepniak" and Mr. Kennan have made us acquainted are retailed in slightly intensified form, and we follow our political prisoners from Petropavlovsk to Kara, feeling all the time that we know just what will happen to them next. The story of their escape is ingeniously managed, and is much the most interesting part of the book. But the whole subject ought either to be shelved, or at least left to writers who have more than a hearsay knowledge of what Siberian exile means.

"Tom Sylvester," Mr. T. R. Sullivan's first venture in full-grown fiction, shows an intimate acquaintance with two things—the home life of the New England town, and the social life of the American resident in Paris. The boyhood of the hero is so naturally and so sympathetically described that he reminds us not a little of another "Tom"—the typical New England youngster of Mr. Aldrich's thinly disguised autobiography. Mr. Sullivan's hero, when he grows up, goes forth to see the world as it wags in the French capital, and acquires a fund of valuable experience. Presently he returns to his native village, marries an old-time playmate, and the rest is silence. The moral of the tale—possibly a trifle forced—is that America is the proper place for Americans, and that self-expatriation is mainly useful in helping one to appreciate what has been left behind. The book is as wholesome as it is interesting, and is an excellent repast to set before young—not too young—readers.

Our collection of novels includes a group of four that are based, to a certain extent, upon the literary history of England, and derive no little of their interest from the well-known characters that figure in their pages. The first of these novels to which

we will call attention is called "The Days of Lamb and Coleridge." The truth in this story much outweighs the fiction, for nearly all the incidents were actual occurrences in the lives of this famous literary pair. The letters are printed *verbatim*, and even the conversations are to a certain extent pieced out from reported utterances. The Shelleys, Carlyle, and other writers are brought into the story, somewhat irrelevantly. It is a pleasant performance, albeit an amateurish one.

Sir Philip Sidney is the hero of "Penshurst Castle," a story by Mrs. Marshall, who is not unknown to readers of historical fiction. There is good stuff for romance in the life of Sidney, but the writer has idealized him almost out of all semblance of reality. The hero of Zutphen figures, in consequence, as a rather priggish sort of person, doubtless the last effect intended by his enthusiastic delineator. There is some history, dilute but accurate, in the narrative; the Countess of Pembroke appears conspicuously, and we catch sight now and then of other well-known characters, including the Virgin Queen, the Earl of Leicester, and Sir Fulke Greville. The author's style walks upon stilts, but does not thereby escape from commonplace.

"The Bailiff of Tewkesbury" is a romance of Elizabethan times, and no less a person than William Shakespeare figures among the characters. In the opening chapters we read of the midnight raid upon the Lucy preserves, and the haling of the young poacher before outraged magistracy. At this point, we wonder if the authors would be audacious enough to emulate Landor, and attempt once more what he did once for all. But the episode is passed lightly over, and the poet sets out for London, to appear henceforth but at momentary intervals upon the scene. The ostensible hero is one William Helpes, and the heroine is a niece of Sir Thomas Lucy. This Helpes is represented as the mysterious "W. H." of the sonnets, and to him, as their "only begetter," are a number of them sent, and thus deftly woven into the pretty tale.

The last book of our literary-historical group is "Garriek's Pupil," a translation from the French. The central episode of the work is furnished by the Gordon Riots, and the adventures of a young actress, persecuted by a dissolute nobleman, provide the story with its main theme. Among the famous men to whom we are introduced may be mentioned Reynolds, Burke, Gibbon, Johnson, and Boswell. The story is an admirable picture of the times—singularly so when considered as the work of a foreigner—but is not oppressively historical. The translation is fair, but not always idiomatic. We read, for example, that a certain pickpocket "failed to relieve" Prince Orloff of a valuable snuff-box. This is easily recognized as a mistranslation of *fuilli*. On the same page we find *bête noir*, a common but inexcusable blunder.

Frau von Hillern's "On the Cross" seeks to construct a romance with the Oberammergau Passion Play as its leading motive. A woman of the Ba-



varian aristocracy, who is at heart a worldling, but who persuades himself for a time into being a most *schwärmerisch* idealist, witnesses the play, is fascinated by the actor who represents the Christ, secretly marries him, and takes him to her country estate, where he nominally lives as her steward. She soon tires of the relation, and resumes her society life, playing fast and loose with a nobleman who has long been her lover. The husband, in the meanwhile, after ten years of almost solitary life, ended by a scene of passionate upbraiding, returns to Ammergau, resumes his old part, but is soon brought to the point of death by the exhaustion that comes from a decade of spiritual suffering. At the very end, his wife comes to tardy recognition of her duty towards him, abandons society, and does her best to atone to him for her sin. This is the outline of a story which makes a distinctly unpleasant impression. It is emotional, and even hysterical; it abounds in unnatural contrasts between different phases of the same character; its morality comes dangerously near being sophistical; and its blending of the religious with the sensual is, at its worst, fairly nauseating. As a depiction of the spirit in which the peasants of old Ammergau entered into their sacred work, it will be scoffed at by the cynic; yet, in this regard, the work is probably more faithful to fact than in any other.

With the publication of "Pan Michael," Mr. Curtin has completed his English translation of the great historical trilogy which we owe to the genius of Henryk Sienkiewicz. The other divisions of this work, "With Fire and Sword" and "The Deluge," were reviewed by us at the time of their appearance, and we are now called upon to say a few words of their sequel. The Pan Michael of the title is, of course, the valiant little knight, Volodyovski, who figures conspicuously in the whole series. His further deeds of bravery are recounted in the present volume, which culminates in his heroic defence of Kamenyets and his death upon the ruins of that stronghold when treachery has finally given it into the hands of the pagan invader. Our old friend Zagloba, now past ninety, but as great a master as ever of wit and wordy valor, remains in view to the end. We have also occasional glimpses of other heroes of the preceding volumes; but many new figures crowd the canvas, and hold the attention in their turn. The greatest of these, historically, is that of John Sobieski, whose infrequent appearances upon the scene are managed with much impressiveness, although the most glorious episode in his career, his repulse of the Turks at Vienna, still lies ten years in the future at the time when this narrative closes. The struggle of the Polish Commonwealth with the Cossacks was the theme of "With Fire and Sword"; the struggle with the Swedish invader was the theme of "The Deluge." "Pan Michael" has for its theme the terrible Turkish war which made a king of Sobieski and of his name one of the greatest of historical memories. The interest of the trilogy, both historical and romantic, is splendidly sustained in

"Pan Michael," although the work contains fewer than its predecessors of those episodes — like that of Zagloba in the loft or that of Skshetuski in the marshes at Zbaraj—which no one that has once read can ever forget. Nor is its culminating episode of the siege of Kamenyets quite equal in impressiveness to the magnificent account of the siege of Chentohova given us in "The Deluge."

"Here ends this series of books, written in the course of a number of years and with no little toil, for the strengthening of hearts," says the author at the close of his epilogue. "This series of books" fills, in its English form, nearly twenty-six hundred large pages, and means an amount of writing about equal to half a dozen full-sized "Waverley" novels, or to the eleven volumes in which Dumas chronicled the adventures of his *mousquetaires*. It often happens that the amount of writing in a book is inversely proportional to its literary value, and this is particularly apt to be true of historical romance, as many German, and some English and American, examples testify. It is even true, to a certain extent, of the master achievement of Dumas; but it is not true of Scott, and it is not true of the present author. From every point of view, this Polish trilogy deserves to be ranked among the greatest of all works of historical fiction. It covers a period of only twenty-five years — the third quarter of the seventeenth century; but it gives us of that period—for the Polish Commonwealth—a picture of unsurpassed vigor, fidelity, and interest. From the artistic standpoint, to have created the character of Zagloba was a feat comparable with Shakespeare's creation of Falstaff and Goethe's creation of Mephistopheles. The other heroes of the trilogy include several of the clearest-cut types, faithful to the traits of their respective races—Pole, Tartar, and Cossack—to be found anywhere in literature; while in the delineation of his heroines the author has shown equal skill, discernment, and sympathy. We must look to the great masters for a gallery of equally noble and lovable women. It seems, indeed, incongruous to discuss a work of this sort in connection with a review of current fiction, so unmistakably does it detach itself from the multitude of ephemeral productions. The best of ordinary heroes seem but carpet-knights in comparison with these valiant warriors of Old Poland, as the best of ordinary heroines seem but boudoir or hot-house creations in comparison with the adorable women who make radiant these pages. The real secret of the Polish novelist's power is that he penetrates beneath the conventional surface of life whereupon most novelists find their element, and shows us men and women swayed by the primal impulses of the human soul. Love, patriotism, and religion: these always have been and always will be the controlling motives, of sane and healthy humanity; and these motives, heightened by the writer's artistic instinct, are given unchecked play in the work now happily completed. It is indeed, a work "for the strengthening of hearts."

WILLIAM MORTON PAYNE.

## BRIEFS ON NEW BOOKS.

*Prof. Huxley's  
"Methods and  
Results."*

Professor Huxley has set himself to re-arrange his miscellaneous papers of the last quarter-century into an edition of "Collected Essays" (Appleton), to be completed in nine volumes, one of which will be the "Hume" in the "English Men of Letters" series. The first of these volumes, entitled "Method and Results," has just appeared. It includes his essay of 1870 on Descartes and his "Discours de la Méthode," the famous essay of 1868 on "The Physical Basis of Life," a group of recent political discussions, and a few others. What gives peculiar interest to the volume is the fact that these essays are prefaced by a brief autobiography, published a few years ago, but not, we think, generally known to the public. "Why I was christened Thomas Henry I do not know," says Mr. Huxley, "but it is a curious chance that my parents should have fixed for my usual denomination upon the name of that particular Apostle with whom I have always felt most sympathy." The manner of this sentence is characteristic of the entire sketch, which is genial and much too brief. It is difficult to realize that the writer has been a hypochondriacal dyspeptic nearly all his life, but such, he assures us, is the fact. Mr. Huxley, as all his readers know, is fond of posing as a plain blunt man, and this amusing affectation appears in the sketch before us. He is no orator, as Brutus is, and he often assures us that he is not. But we fancy that both he and Antony winked when they said it. The following is one of the closing passages: "The last thing that it would be proper for me to do would be to speak of the work of my life, or to say at the end of the day whether I think I have earned my wages or not. Men are said to be partial judges of themselves. Young men may be, I doubt if old men are. Life seems terribly foreshortened as they look back, and the mountain they set themselves to climb in youth turns out to be a mere spur of immeasurably higher ranges, when, with failing breath, they reach the top. But if I may speak of the objects I have had more or less definitely in view since I began the ascent of my hillock, they are briefly these: To promote the increase of natural knowledge and to forward the application of scientific methods of investigation to all the problems of life to the best of my ability, in the conviction, which has grown with my growth and strengthened with my strength, that there is no alleviation for the sufferings of mankind except veracity of thought and of action, and the resolute facing of the world as it is when the garment of make-believe by which pious hands have hidden its uglier features is stripped off."

*Eighteenth century  
men and manners  
in Rhode Island.*

"College Tom" (Houghton), a study of eighteenth century life in Narragansett, affords us an interesting and unusually direct peep into colonial every-day life. "College Tom" was one Thomas Hazard (1720-1798), a rich Narragansett gentleman-farmer, the

anti-slavery pioneer in his state; and the present memoir is written and compiled by his grandson's granddaughter, Miss Caroline Hazard. Thomas Hazard owed his sobriquet to the fact that he spent several terms at New Haven College. The first two-thirds of the present volume consist of a rapid narrative of his after-life and transactions, in which the writer sticks as closely as possible to original records, many of which are given in fac-simile. Chief of them is "College Tom's" account-book—a folio volume of two hundred pages, with entries (1750-1790) covering the most active period of the diarist's life. The jottings are fairly regular and minute, and they are supplemented here and there by notes pinned to the written pages, the whole affording a very good idea of the home life and economy of a Narragansett planter. Inferentially, we are shown some of the beauties and advantages of "fiat" money—which seems, however, in Rhode Island, to have proved anything but a panacea for the ills it was meant to alleviate. Rhode Island issued paper money first in 1710, and six other issues followed between that date and 1740, when the outstanding bills of those dates began to be called "old tenor." Naturally, in the existing state of things, the credit-money depreciated with amazing rapidity and to a ludicrous degree, and the alarming prices in "College Tom's" account-book must be discounted accordingly. In a memorandum of a horse-trade, for instance, we learn that one of the parties (combatants is the better word, perhaps) was to pay the other fifty-five pounds "to boot." This seems pretty extravagant even in a horse-trade, until one learns that in 1740 one silver shilling meant twelve and a half paper shillings; a fact that reduces the fifty-five pounds "old tenor" to the modest sum of four pounds eight shillings. Miss Hazard has given us an altogether capital book, full of solid information, and very readable withal. There are some instructive cuts of old documents, bank-bills, etc., and an appendix of one hundred pages, containing literal selections from "College Tom's" papers. The superb typography calls for special mention.

*A volume from  
the Arts and Crafts  
Exhibition Society.*

Those decorative artist-and-author socialists, Messrs. William Morris and Walter Crane, have organized their Arts and Crafts Exhibition Society to some purpose. If we mistake not, the first exhibition was opened in 1888, at which time Mr. Crane read his essay on "The revival of Design and Handicraft," wherein is set forth the aims of the society. Since the organization of the society the members have held several exhibitions, at which, among others, the following papers have been read: "Textiles," by William Morris; "Of Decorative Painting and Design," by Walter Crane; "Stone and Wood Carving," by Somers Clarke; "Furniture," by Stephen Webb; "Of Wall Papers," by Walter Crane; "Printing," by William Morris and Emery Walker; "Stained Glass," by Somers Clarke; "Bookbinding," by T. J. Cobden-Sanderson; "Of

Embroidery," by May Morris; "Of Book Illustration and Book Decoration," by Reginald Blomfield; and "On Designing for the Art of Embroidery," by Selwyn Image. Believing that the time had come when the designer and craftsman should make known their identity, which had usually been concealed behind the firm of So-and-So and Co., these exhibitions were opened that the real workers might be brought into touch with each other and with the public. It was thought that in this way the artist and the craftsman could more freely compare notes for their mutual improvement, and gain that recognition from their employers and the public which was their due. By the aid of new mechanical devices, and by that obnoxious commercial system called "competition," the artisan had been reduced to a very unimportant personage; art and art manufacture had been cheapened, while the consumer had come to look upon the whole matter in the light of a purely business proposition, and made price rather than quality his object. To quote a paragraph from Mr. Crane's essay, this movement "is a protest against that so-called industrial progress which produces shoddy wares, the cheapness of which is paid for by the lives of their producers and the degradation of their users." Each of the thirty-five essays that now make up the volume entitled "Arts and Crafts Essays" is, as may be noted from those named, prepared by a specialist. Mr. William Morris provides an introduction; and from the appearance of the book, which is imported for the American market by Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons, we must infer that to him also is due a large share of the credit for its excellent paper and typography, and its outside dress of Irish linen.

*Aspects of  
Modern Oxford.*

A very graphic and entertaining, and withal informing, book is "Aspects of Modern Oxford" (Macmillan). The author does not give his name, but he rather affectingly styles himself "A mere Don" — a piece of mock humility that reads very much as if he had written himself "a mere Kaiser" or "a mere Archbishop." When an Oxford Fellow speaks thus lightly of his dignity it may be put down as morally certain that he would be the last man of his corps to allow others to do it. The little book contains 135 pages; and in this modest space is contained a capital account of the lighter phases of current life at the centre of "port and prejudice," as Gibbon styled his quondam Alma Mater, written in a style savoring more of the brisk journalistic than the staid academic. The following extract from a chapter on "Undergraduates" may serve as a sample: "Of the hundreds of boys who are shot on the G. W. R. platform every October to be caressed or kicked by Alma Mater, and returned in due time full or empty, it is only an insignificant minority who come up with the ostensible purpose of learning. Their reasons are as many as the colors of their portmanteaus. Brown has come up because he is in the sixth form at school, and was sent in for a scholarship by a

head-master desiring an advertisement; Jones, because it is thought by his friends that he might get into the 'Varsity eleven; Robinson, because his father considers a university career to be a stepping-stone to the professions—which it fortunately is not as yet. Mr. Sangazur is going to St. Boniface because his father was there; and Mr. J. Sangazur Smith — well, probably because *his* father wasn't. Altogether, they are a motley crew, and it is not the least achievement of the University that she does somehow or other manage to impress a certain stamp on so many different kinds of metal" — a certain indefinable stamp, it may be added, of culture, or polish, or good-breeding, or whatever you choose to call it, that the grudging *Philister* resents, scolds at, sneers at, and even makes a feint of laughing at; but which he, in fact, secretly chafes at and envies. The book is liberally and capably illustrated, and its tasteful typography merits special mention.

*Studies of Travel  
by E. A. Freeman.*

Two little volumes of "Studies of Travel" (Putnam), by the late Professor Freeman are devoted, respectively, to "Greece" and "Italy." Their contents consist of short papers, written from ten to fifteen years ago, and contributed mainly to "The Saturday Review." Miss Florence Freeman has edited the collections, which are illustrated by a portrait of the author, and a pretty photogravure of the Parthenon. The volume on Greece takes us to Athens, Marathon, Tiryns, Argos, Mycenæ, Corinth, Olympia, and a few other places. The volume on Italy has to do mostly with spots rarely visited by the tourist, but of great historical or archaeological interest, such as Veii, Ostia, Norba, and Segni. An "Iter ad Brundisium" closes the volume. One's first impression, especially in reading the Italian sketches, is that they are mostly about walls. Freeman's architectural training gave him a peculiar interest in such things, and for finding sermons in stones he had probably no equal among his contemporaries. These sketches impress us with the immense extent of his knowledge of ancient history, written, as they were, impromptu and without books of reference. His fondness for Macaulay's "Lays" also appears at many points. For one contemplating a journey in his footsteps, these compact little tomes will be found a guide of the utmost value, while the student of classical history may receive from them many a helpful suggestion, as well as many a lesson in the art of compressing a whole chapter of knowledge within the limits of a paragraph.

*Autobiography of  
a man of science  
and of action.*

A capital autobiography is the "Personal Recollections of Werner von Siemens" (Appleton). The author was the eldest and most widely known of the eight vigorous Siemens brothers whose names are associated the world over with important engineering enterprises (chiefly in the line of telegraphy) and with the invention and manufacture of appliances for carrying on the same. To the practical engineer



or to the man of science a Life of Werner von Siemens needs nothing in the way of justification or introduction. To the lay reader it may be said that the book is not the ordinarily tedious life-record of a recluse of the laboratory or the lecture-room. In Dr. von Siemens, the student and the inventor were supplemented by the man of action; and his laurels, therefore, were largely won in grappling with practical difficulties. His narrative reads like a book of adventure. In his Introduction, Dr. von Siemens expresses the hope that his book may prove instructive and stimulating to the coming generation, in that it shows how "a young man, without inherited resources and influential supporters, nay, even without proper preliminary culture, may, solely through his own industry, rise, and do something useful in the world." The book is, all in all, one of the most notable productions of the past year; and it goes without saying that no one interested in the progress of electrical science and of its practical application can afford to leave it unread. There is a fine frontispiece portrait of the author, whose face betokens in every line the true German *Thätigkeit*, and is certainly not wanting in indications of true German *Schroffheit*—a quality which Dr. Siemens confessedly admired in others. Mr. W. C. Coupland's translation is generally acceptable; but it is not free from Germanisms. Mechanically, the volume is a fine piece of bookmaking.

*The Life of  
Dr. Noah Porter.*

The Life of Noah Porter, a neatly-appointed memorial volume edited by Mr. G. S. Merriam and published by Messrs. Scribner's Sons, is built, so to speak, in compartments like a ship; but it is none the less interesting for that, and no Yale man, at least, should leave it unread. The different periods and phases of President Porter's life are severally treated by writers chosen each for his or her special fitness for the topic. Miss Sarah Porter writes of Dr. Porter's "Ancestry and Youth," Rev. W. W. Andrews of his student-life at Yale, Prof. G. P. Fisher of his "Theological Opinions," President Franklin Carter of his career as "President of Yale," and so on. Two concise expository chapters, "Dr. Porter as a Philosopher" and "Dr. Porter's Theory of Morals," are furnished by Prof. George M. Duncan and Dr. Rikizo Nakashima, respectively; and there is a copious "Bibliography" by Mr. J. Sumner Smith. Dr. Porter was an estimable character, a man of much learning and of little originality, an acute reasoner on supplied premises, and the clearest of expositors. From the anecdotal portion of the memoir we may quote the following sketch of George Eliot, whom Dr. Porter met in London in 1853: "At that time she was thirty-five years old, with plain but interesting features, of a little above medium size, of a very quiet and almost timid bearing, most noticeable for her singularly refined voice, her clear thoughts, her choice yet by no means stilted diction, and above all for her fervid yet unaffected sensibility. She was free and affable with the family and guests, but

unmistakably wore the air of a person preoccupied with many engagements, and living apart in her own world of elevated thoughts and intense feeling." The volume contains two portraits of Dr. Porter, and it ought to have an index.

*Glimpses of  
an insubstantial  
Paradise.*

In his "Sub-Cœlum: A Sky-built Human World" (Houghton), Mr. A. P. Russell, author of "A Club of One," "Library Notes," etc., has strayed (not altogether prosperously, we think) from his usual literary province. Mr. Russell's sketch of an ideal society is not a logical development of an *à priori* theory of the State, like the "Republic" of Plato, nor is it a compact piece of allegorizing fiction, like More's "Utopia." The society he describes strikes us, on the whole, as a rather valetudinarian affair, adjusted to the requirements of people with shaky nerves and east-wind susceptibilities. Sub-Cœlumite "nerves and sympathies being too precious to be wasted, heads of fowls were lopped off by ingeniously contrived guillotines." At table, "The skilled carver, as he cut away the succulent flakes, was expected deftly to show them in such light as would display their translucency and lustre." "In Sub-Cœlum the people did not snore. They had trained themselves to avoid the disagreeable act"—though not, it seems, by the wearing of nocturnal clothespins. At the "Retreats for Convalescents," among other soothing devices for promoting recovery, "Intelligent monkeys climbed about in the trees, and suspended themselves by their tails." The style of the book is sententious to a fault, and there is a too-palpable effort at quaintness. We notice, too, occasional lapses not at all in accord with the usual finicalness of Sub-Cœlum standards; for example, we learn that at banquets, when the *chef* appeared, "Pledges were drank, and wine poured out in his honor." Mr. Russell says some clever things, however, and his book is fairly readable; but we prefer him in his "Club Corner."

*Republished Essays  
by J. A. Symonds.*

The "Essays Speculative and Suggestive" of John Addington Symonds have been reissued in a single handsome volume by his English publishers, and the work is imported for sale in this country by Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons. This is probably the most important of the author's several collections of miscellanea, and one cannot re-read its contents without a renewed sense of the loss sustained by English letters at the time of his death. In this age of the specialist we need such men more than ever before; we need them to preserve the tradition of general culture that we are in danger of losing altogether. Few men have ever so successfully lived in "the whole, the good, and the beautiful" as the English historian of the Italian Renaissance, who was at the same time the critic of so many phases of art and life. The work before us exhibits his critical faculty at its best, his trained judgment at its ripest. The group of essays on Style contain some of the best

writing upon that subject that has ever been done, and the essay on Realism and Idealism comes near saying the last word upon that vexed theme. The author's eager and sympathetic grasp of the latest results of science are well illustrated in this volume, as well as his catholic appreciation of the newer tendencies of literature. The work is one to keep at hand and to ponder over; it is suggestive in the sense of being a stimulus even more than a guide; it is a treasure-house of critical comment and principle not easily to be exhausted.

*Mr. Henry James  
as an Essayist.*

We have always thought Mr. Henry James a better essayist than novelist. The critical and analytical habit of mind with which he is so richly endowed have proved too self-assertive for the purpose of the story-teller. But the qualities of expression developed by this habit, although out of their proper place when used for the purposes of fiction, belong to the essay, and bestow upon it substance and value. The "Essays in London and Elsewhere," just published (Harper), form a volume rich in subtle observations and delicate critical shadings. The contents are a little ill-assorted, for they include sketches of foreign life, personal reminiscences, and literary criticism; but each essay by itself (excepting a few too brief to be adequate) is a little masterpiece. The paper on Fanny Kemble is one of the most lifelike presentations of a spiritual personality to be found. The essay on Lowell, which combines the personal note with the note of objective criticism, is perhaps the finest appreciation we have of the finest of our latter-day Americans. The group of French writers — Flaubert, the Goncourt brothers, and "Loti" — are handled with sure sympathy and real penetration. Perhaps the Flaubert essay is the most notable of all. Mr. James understands Flaubert's passion for style, and helps others to understand how absorbing and masterful a thing it was. No one has, to our thinking, better than Mr. James interpreted for English readers the leading aspects of recent French literary art.

#### BRIEFER MENTION.

"As We Go" (Harper) is a volume of very brief essays by Mr. Charles Dudley Warner. They deal mostly with the phases of human intercourse, and embody many a bit of social criticism that strikes deeper than would at first appear. For instance, among the subjects that the author so lightly touches is that of the growing culture of women as contrasted with the indifference to culture on the part of men. The phenomenon has made a distinct impression upon Mr. Warner — as well it might — and he recurs to its discussion more than once. For reading that is at once easy and suggestive, we commend these genial talks.

"The Out-Door World" (Longmans) is the name given to a handbook for young collectors in natural history, the work of Mr. W. Farneaux. The work is richly illustrated with sixteen colored plates and over five hundred cuts. The colored plates are very well

done, and upon each of them a number of species are crowded. The work is one of the best of the sort that we have seen, but the species described are British, and hence in most cases the American boy or girl would search for them in vain.

Messrs. Little, Brown, & Co. deserve hearty thanks for their tasteful library edition of the novels of Alexandre Dumas. For many years, the only American editions of the great French novelist were so offensive in their appearance that lovers of books could with difficulty be persuaded to take them into their hands. A translation of "Olympe de Clèves," in two volumes, has just been added to the new edition. The publishers claim that it is the first publication of this particular romance in the English language, but this, we believe, is a mistake.

The new edition of Mr. William Watson's verses (Macmillan) is neatly printed, includes all the hitherto published poems (except "The Eloping Angels," which no one will miss), and gives a portrait of the author. The poems have been rearranged, and are now headed by the noble group of elegies that commemorate Wordsworth, Shelley, Arnold, and Tennyson. "The Prince's Quest" makes up a good third of the volume. We have praised Mr. Watson's work more than once in these pages, and will now merely express a hope that no one will be deterred from making his acquaintance by the extravagant eulogies which injudicious friends of the poet contrived to get printed a few months ago.

Elizabeth Sheppard's "Rumour," in two volumes, has been added to Messrs. A. C. McClurg & Co.'s reprints of that writer's principal novels. Mrs. Harriet Prescott Spofford contributes a sympathetic introduction to the new edition, which also has frontispiece portraits of Beethoven and — save the mark! — Louis Napoleon. Thackeray's "English Humorists" and Carlyle's "Sartor Resartus" come to us from the same publishers, in a style that commends itself to quiet tastes.

University extensionists and other teachers will find profit in an examination of Dr. Andrew Stephenson's "Syllabus of Lectures in European History from the Fall of the Western Roman Empire to the Death of Napoleon." The book is published by the author, at Middletown, Conn. The analysis of the subject is philosophical, and the divisions are well supplied with references. Indeed, the individual student, seeking to work up European history without the aid of an instructor, could not easily find a better outline guide than this little work.

Dr. W. D. Halliburton's "The Essentials of Chemical Physiology" (Longmans) is a text-book for the use of students, and is upon the plan of Professor Schaefer's "Essentials of Histology." The work includes an elementary and an advanced course, and its pages bear the class-room stamp. Each lesson is provided with laboratory exercises and demonstrations, and the work has many wood-cut illustrations.

The title-page of a recent work published by Messrs. Joel Munsell's Sons is so comprehensively descriptive of the book itself that we reprint it without comment. "Journal of Colonel George Washington, commanding a detachment of Virginia troops, sent by Robert Dinwiddie, Lieutenant-Governor of Virginia, across the Allegheny Mountains in 1754, to build forts at the head of the Ohio. It comprises the history of marches, campings, and events, a skirmish with the French, and the death of their leader, de Jononville. The Journal fell into the hands of the enemy, who, in 1756, printed

a version of it in French; a new translation of this into English is here given in the absence of the original. To complete the history of the Expedition an appendix is added in the form of a diary, supplying an account of the battle of the Great Meadows and the capitulation of Fort Necessity; the retreat of the army; with copies of original muster and pay-rolls of the Virginia regiment, and other documents connected with this Expedition." This important document is edited, with copious annotations, by Dr. J. M. Toner.

Mr. Samuel Adams Drake, in "The Making of Virginia and the Middle Colonies, 1578-1701" (Scribner), has constructed a volume intermediate between the school text-book and the history for the general reader. He has sought to fill out the bare outlines of the narrative so "as to give the pupil something more than the dry bones" and so to condense the tale "as to put its essence without loss of vitality, in a few words," in which aims, seemingly so antagonistic, he seems to have been measurably successful. The book has many woodcuts.

#### NEW YORK TOPICS.

*New York, December 25, 1893.*

The annual dinner of the New England Society of this city has just taken place, with even more than the usual success from a popular point of view. The carefully prepared speeches were given a page or more in several of the newspapers, the proceedings were reported in full, and portraits of the speakers have been displayed for our satisfaction, although perhaps to the chagrin of their alleged originals. These New England dinners are admirable things in their way. They also are interesting as showing how absolute perfection can be attained in the management of the reportorial side of an entertainment. In marked contrast with this affair was the complimentary dinner tendered to Brander Matthews some two nights before by fifty of his associates in the world of letters and art, of which no report whatever has appeared in the daily newspapers. Yet I do not think any event of equal and similar importance has taken place here this season. Doubtless a large constituency of the press would have been interested in an account of the proceedings, but those concerned in the management of the dinner seem to have been indifferent about getting it reported, and so, quite characteristically of this great city, it was not reported.

Ever since Mr. Matthews accepted a professorship in literature at Columbia College there has been a feeling among those familiar with his private as well as his public services to the cause of letters that some special recognition of these services should be made. This feeling culminated in a plan for the dinner just given. A committee was formed, composed of friends of Mr. Matthews connected with each of his varied interests. For literature, Mr. Warner, Mr. Howells, Mr. Clemens, Mr. Hutton, Mr. Bunner, Mr. Gilder, and Mr. Burlingame, of the authors and editors, and Mr. J. Henry Harper and Mr. Charles Scribner, of the publishers, were called in. President Low of Columbia, Prof. Barrett Wendell of Harvard, Prof. Lounsbury of Yale, and Prof. Sloane of Princeton, stood for education. Mr. Joseph Jefferson, Mr. Francis Wilson, Mr. A. M. Palmer, and Mr. Daniel Frohman represented the stage. Mr. F. D. Millet, Mr. J. Carroll Beckwith, and Mr. Stanford White

represented art; while Mr. Theodore Roosevelt and Mr. Henry Cabot Lodge appeared on the list as exponents of that Americanism for which Mr. Matthews himself is so justly celebrated. These gentlemen and many others gathered around an immense table at Sherry's, and made and listened to warm and well-deserved tributes to the character and achievements of their friend. Mr. Warner presided and gave the opening address, to which Mr. Matthews responded in a brief but very graceful, modest, and witty speech. Then followed speeches in order from Messrs. E. C. Stedman, Howells, Low, Clemens, Gilder, Sloane, Frohman, and Bram Stoker. Mr. Bunner read a poem written for the occasion. The speakers appeared at their best, and applause and laughter were constant. A souvenir of the occasion has been signed by all present, worded as follows: "To Brander Matthews, by a few of the friends he has made, a few of the friends he has helped, and a few of the friends he has helped to make."

Another event of considerable interest to the writing guild is the publication of the much talked of "Liber Scriptorum" or "Book of the Author's Club." The Author's Club celebrated its decennial last winter, and is in a most flourishing condition, but up to date it has been obliged to hire rooms for its meetings. To obtain a nucleus for a building fund, Mr. Rossiter Johnson suggested that the members of the club jointly write a book, sign their articles in each copy printed, and dispose of the edition at a fair profit above cost. After many experiences, some amusing and some quite provoking, the book is at last completed. There are two hundred and fifty-one copies printed, one of which remains the property of the club. The others are to be sold. In fact, most of them are already subscribed for. One hundred and nine members of the club have contributed poems or articles to the "Liber Scriptorum," and each contributor has signed his name at the end of his article in every copy of the book. The articles will not be printed elsewhere, and no further editions of the volume will be published. All the original manuscripts have been preserved, and as they are written on different sizes of paper, they are now being inlaid in uniform sheets, and will be bound up in volumes. They will then be sold to the highest bidder. The book itself is extremely interesting. The authors have not considered the necessities of any publication or market in writing their contributions. One readily sees, in turning over the broad leaves, that for once they have written to please themselves. Hence all sorts of hobbies crop out, and especially is your funny man inclined to grow pathetic and your serious fellow to indulge in light humor. Novelists become poets, and vice versa. The printing has been done by Mr. De Vinne, himself a member of the club, on handmade paper bearing the club's name as a water-mark. The binding has been specially devised for the book; and head and tail pieces, vignettes, etc., have been drawn by Mr. Louis J. Rhead. Altogether "Liber Scriptorum" is unique.

The past week has also been notable for the publication of the first volume of Messrs. Funk & Wagnall's "Standard Dictionary of the English Language." Originally intended to be in one volume, the development of the work has made two necessary. It is now hoped to complete this undertaking by May of next year. A visit to the working-rooms of the dictionary, where a small army of editors and assistants are daily occupied, is quite interesting. All the processes of making a dictionary, from the first preparation of "copy," through



ten or twelve proofs, may be observed seriatim. First and last, several hundred editors, specialists, and readers have been engaged upon the dictionary, which will contain, I am told, about seventy thousand more words than any work of the kind yet completed. Dr. Funk is editor-in-chief, Prof. Francis A. March consulting editor, Dr. D. S. Gregory managing editor, and Messrs. Bostwick, Champlin, and Rossiter Johnson associate editors—a staff which ensures faithful and accurate work. President William R. Harper of Chicago supervises the department of "Biblical Terms."

The third edition of Mr. Winter's "Life and Art of Edwin Booth" is now being printed by Messrs. Macmillan & Co. A still more interesting announcement is that Mr. Winter has commenced work on a "Life" of Joseph Jefferson, to be published by the same firm. A more congenial subject for author and public could not well be devised. Messrs. Macmillan & Co. also announce "The Dawn of Astronomy: A Study of the Astronomy and Temple Worship of the Ancient Egyptians," by J. Norman Lockwood, F.R.S. Mr. Lockwood, it will be remembered, is editor of "Nature." This most fascinating subject has been treated in a thorough yet simple way, and an examination of the sheets leads me to believe that the book will rival Prof. Charles A. Young's "The Sun" in popularity. It is likely to prove the most interesting contribution to astronomical science in several years.

The author of "The Captain of the Janizaries," Dr. James M. Ludlow, is pastor of a church at Orange, N. J., but is often seen in New York, where he belongs to some of the literary clubs. The recent charges of plagiarism made against the writer of a similar and more recently published historical romance have not been countenanced by Dr. Ludlow, as I have reason to know, nor has he sought to "advertise" his book in this way. "The Captain of the Janizaries, a Story of the Times of Scanderbeg and the Fall of Constantinople," was published in 1886, and was an immediate success. The thousands who read and enjoyed this brilliant romance at that time, or who have read it since, will be loth to believe that any such advertising is in the slightest degree necessary. Dr. Ludlow covered the field in his own fashion, and covered it well.

ARTHUR STEDMAN.

#### LITERARY NOTES AND MISCELLANY.

The new editor of "The Quarterly Review" is Mr. R. E. Prothero.

Mr. Swinburne is about to publish "Astrophel and Other Poems," a volume of lyrics.

Mr. R. W. Gilder recently lectured in Brooklyn upon "Abraham Lincoln and his Literary Development."

A society has just been formed in Paris, with M. Gaston Boissier as president, for the study of French literary history.

The Rev. Arthur Kinglake, brother of the historian, and author of a life of General Gordon, has just died, in his eightieth year.

University Extension has reached the Continent by way of Belgium, and encouraging reports are received from Brussels and Ghent.

"The Electrical Engineer" will soon issue "The Inventions, Researches, and Writings of Nikola Tesla," a work prepared by Mr. T. C. Martin.

Herr Björnson's "En Hanske" (A Glove) is to be

produced in London, with the coöperation of the author. Are we on the eve of the long delayed Björnson "boom"?

Sigñora Duse has just appeared in Berlin as Magda, the heroine of Herr Sudermann's "Heimath," which Madame Modjeska has recently put upon the American stage.

A collection of letters written by Edward FitzGerald to Fanny Kemble has recently come into the possession of Mr. Bentley, the London publisher. We hope they may soon see the light.

An International Congress of Journalists is expected to be held next year at Antwerp, where a meeting has just been had in reference to the matter, and a committee to carry out the project has been named.

The third session of the Plymouth School of Applied Ethics is announced for July and August of this year. There will be the usual courses of lectures in the three departments of ethics, economics, and the history of religions.

Professor Max Müller has received from the King of Siam an offer of sufficient funds to guarantee the continuance of "The Sacred Books of the East." The money will be used, in the first place, for printing a translation of the remaining portions of the Buddhist Tripitaka.

We make the following clipping from an exchange: "It is reported that a leading Bostonian and a lover of solid literature has only with difficulty been prevailed upon to omit from his will a clause prohibiting his first heir from inheriting the bulk of his property if the said heir 'habitually reads newspapers.'"

The new edition of the Correspondence of Edward FitzGerald, which Mr. W. Aldis Wright has in hand, will, it is said, contain something like fifty new letters; and Mr. Edward Clodd has also been entrusted with some hitherto unpublished letters of FitzGerald for a magazine article.

An English publisher will soon begin a new and complete translation of Tourguénieff. There will be about ten or twelve volumes, including his novels and tales, "The Memoirs of a Sportsman," "Senilia," etc. The translations are to be entirely new, and due to Mrs. Edward Garnett. Introductions and notes are to be supplied.

According to the Paris "Figaro" M. Daudet considers "Numa Roumestan" his best novel. Other authors who have expressed a preference for their works are M. Cherbuliez for "Meta Holdenis," M. Halévy for "La Famille Cardinal," and M. Loti for "De la Pitié et de la Mort." M. Zola says he has no preference except for certain pages in each of his books. "After I have completed a book," he says, "it no longer exists for me. My books are like the graves of relatives and friends once very dear to me."

In bequeathing to Balliol the copyright of his writings, the late Professor Jowett said: "I desire that they may be republished from time to time as may seem expedient, and that the profits, if any, arising from the republication of them shall be invested from time to time, and the income thence accruing applied, in the first place, to the improvement or correction of them; secondly, to the making of new translations or editions of great authors, or in any way assisting or advancing the study of Greek literature, and otherwise for the advancement of learning."

At Oxford, about a month ago, Congregation, by a large majority, passed a resolution declaring the estab-

lishment of a final honor examination in English literature and language. As to the main lines on which the new examination should be framed there seems to be a fairly general agreement. It may be safely predicted that care will be taken to award equal weight to literature and language—that a general knowledge of both will be required of all candidates, but that within these limits those who read for the school will be left free to devote themselves specially to one or the other of these two subjects.

Professor Goldwin Smith, in issuing the fourth edition of his work on the United States, adds a new preface from which we take the following: "The writer cannot send this fourth edition of his work to press without specially acknowledging the kindness of his American readers and reviewers, whose reception of a book which in some things contravenes cherished traditions is a proof of American candor and liberality. Perhaps they have discerned, beneath the British critic of American history, the Anglo-Saxon who, to the Republic which he regards as the grandest achievement of his race, desires to offer no homage less pure or noble than the truth."

Seven books of the "Anabasis" are included in the edition, just published, by President W. R. Harper and Dr. James Wallace (American Book Co.). The work is done upon the familiar "inductive" plan of its predecessors in this series of classical text-books, and the presentation is very attractive, mechanically and otherwise. The same publishers send us a new edition of Dr. Arnold's "Latin Prose Compositions," revised by Mr. J. E. Mulholland. From Messrs. Ginn & Co. we have "Livy," Books XXI. and XXII., edited by Professors J. B. Greenough and Tracy Peck; and "The Beginner's Greek Composition," by Messrs. W. C. Collar and W. G. Daniell.

"Poet-Lore," upon the occasion of its fifth anniversary, which comes with the beginning of the year, sends us a "new-year's greeting" which gives a sketch of its career, its aims, and its successes. It makes some interesting promises for the coming year, including unpublished letters of George Eliot, translations from Maeterlinck and Strindberg, and a "School of Literature" for the help of clubs and classes. The magazine is a little too obtrusive in its Browningsism, and informs us that the special attention "always accorded to Shakespeare and Browning is a habit in which it will persist"; but this one little fad may be forgiven a periodical that stands so steadfastly, and on the whole so sensibly, for good literature, and for the value of poetry in all the walks of life.

Messrs. Copeland & Day, in announcing their limited edition of Rossetti's "House of Life," send us the following explanatory note: "The one hundred and three sonnets and eleven lyrics with which Dante Gabriel Rossetti chose to build his House of Life, are here set forth according to their obvious design. Those used in the volume of MDCCCLXX. are reproduced as they then appeared, not as they have appeared since in the volume of MDCCCLXXXI. The deplorable circumstance is well known which led to the too sensitive withdrawal of one of the sequence and to the revision of others: a mistaken sacrifice of beauty to a mistakenly imposed ideal. The makers of this edition revert by choice to the poet's original plan of work. As The House of Life stood in Rossetti's mind, so it stands, once again, in its innocence and perfection."

We quote from "The Athenæum" the following par-

ticulars of two recent literary "finds" in Germany: "The important 'Luther find' made some time ago in the Rathsschulbibliothek at Zwickau moved the authorities of the town to commission the discoverer of the Lutherana to explore and arrange the manuscript treasures of their library. No fewer than 3,000 letters of the Reformation period have been discovered. They are now catalogued and described, and can be consulted by historical students. The richness of the collection may be imagined from the fact that the letters are by 391 writers: 224 are from printers, 295 from ecclesiastics and theologians, 349 from scholars, and 192 deal with mining. Nearly the whole of these letters were addressed to Stephan Roch, the town clerk of Zwickau, who died in 1546. The manuscript containing a large number of *Meistergedichte*, which was discovered in the Town Library of Nuremberg, proves to be a genuine production of Hans Sachs. The volume comprises fourteen hitherto unknown *Meistergesänge* of the famous Meistersinger.

#### BOOKS AND MAGAZINES AS BRIC-A-BRAC.

*A propos* to the familiar question, What do "society" people read? the New York "Evening Post" presents some amusing information derived from a recent discussion of the subject in the "Home and Society" columns of a paper which circulates largely among the refined and educated classes of the Eastern metropolis. "From what was said there of the views and practices of those classes, it would appear that literature is mainly a thing to be 'arranged.' 'The arrangement of current literature is indicative of the culture and social position of a modern household,' and very naturally, therefore, 'a fashionable woman, who is in touch with the world,' cannot be too careful in training her 'parlor-maid or footman to arrange the small tables containing periodicals and magazines and the talked-of books of the hour.' We cannot go into all the nice points relating to the exact minute of the day when the morning papers are to be replaced, in 'their own special resting place,' by the evening journals, and the way in which the 'bits of light literature which are more or less discussed' are to be placed 'one overlapping the other, leaving the titles free to be read.' It should be noted, however, that 'it looks well to have the *Revue des Deux Mondes* and some clever German publication [we suggest the *Archiv für Eisenbahnen*] added to the collection.' There was nowhere any suggestion that anything was ever to be actually read, the chief end of books and magazines being to take their place becomingly among other bric-a-brac. We did not need to be assured that 'even children brought up in such an atmosphere' are different from those who have never had the advantage of a correct arrangement of literature. That we could have believed on *à-priori* grounds."

#### PROCEEDINGS OF THE AUXILIARY CONGRESSES.

The proceedings of several of last summer's Congresses are finding their way into print, pending the decision of the United States Government to provide for their complete publication. The work of the Religious Congress is now appearing and promises to be a commercially successful venture. The proceedings of the Congress of Representative Women are announced for early publication in two large volumes. The Educational and Philological proceedings will appear under the auspices of the societies having them in charge. Meanwhile the officers of the World's Congress Auxiliary have circulated an appeal for the aid of the Government, giving a

number of good reasons why the work should be undertaken at public expense. The last and most cogent of these reasons is thus stated: "The true international character of these Congresses, and the direct and active participation of the Government of the United States in convening them, has given them a character far above and beyond any private or local enterprise. The expectation that the proceedings would be printed and distributed by this Government to the other nations which have participated in the Columbian Exposition was expressed in some of the earlier publications relative to this work sent to foreign countries by the Department of State. It is therefore deemed eminently proper to ask the Congress of the United States to provide for the printing of the proceedings of the several Congresses as public documents, to be sent to the libraries of the different States and Nations, and their leading colleges, universities and other public institutions, where they would be accessible to students of human progress in all its various departments, and would be reproduced in a multitude of forms for the information of the people of our own and other lands."

#### A SUMMARY OF TYNDALL'S CHARACTER.

"The Saturday Review" thus sums up the character of Professor Tyndall:

"A headlong temperament, however, is by no means always, or perhaps often, a temperament that can be called disagreeable; and Dr. Tyndall was both liked and loved by a very large circle of friends. His close association for many years with Carlyle was not likely to have the result of moderating his language, and in his famous controversy with the Commissioners of Irish Lights a softer and wiler tongue would have made more certain of the victory. He has been blamed because he erected a screen on his property at Hindhead. But if—which is quite conceivable—he found the screen not so ugly as the people and the sights it shut out, who shall blame him? And for the last seven years he had been in the habit of saying things about Mr. Gladstone which caused Mr. Gladstone's followers to exhibit the convulsions of fish just extracted from the water. Perhaps some of these things were not said with perfect wisdom; but, as has been observed, it was impossible for Dr. Tyndall to be mealy-mouthed. And when, as an Irishman, as a scientific observer accustomed to connect cause and effect, and as one who felt in common with the vast majority of men of brains and education, he saw a statesman endeavoring to damage, if not to ruin, his country—he said so.

"Thus in many ways Dr. Tyndall was one of the most characteristic figures of his time, even if he sometimes represented its foible as well as its forte. A man of wide knowledge and wide interest, a hard player as well as a hard worker, poles asunder from the popular conception of a savant as a recluse who only leaves his study to take a walk in the goloshes on the pavement, he took, at least as long as health was granted, most things 'with a frolic welcome,' and those which he could not welcome in a hearty posture of fight. Others in different classes, or even in his own class, may have had deeper or subtler intellectual insight, a purer style, a greater knowledge of literature and other non-scientific things. But few had a healthier, a more vigorous, or a kindlier spirit, and very few indeed had such a gift of easily understood exposition in a day when all things are supposed to be capable of being expounded to the people."

#### TOPICS IN LEADING PERIODICALS.

January, 1894.

Aluminum. M. J. Fleury. *Popular Science*.  
 Armstrong, Samuel Chapman. J. H. Denison. *Atlantic*.  
 Art in the Theatre. Illus. W. Telbin. *Mag. of Art*.  
 Bible, The, and the Assyrian Monuments. J. Jastrow. *Century*.  
 Biology, Logical Method in. Frank Cramer. *Pop. Science*.  
 Bread-and-Butter Question, The. J. H. Browne. *Harper*.  
 Buddhism, Teachings of. Zitsuzen Ashitau. *Monist*.  
 Christian Endeavor Era, The. T. Chalmers. *Lippincott*.  
 Dutch Influence in New England. W. E. Griffiths. *Harper*.  
 Egypt and Chaldea, Recent Discoveries in. *Harper*.  
 Emotions and Infection. M. Ch. Féré. *Popular Science*.  
 Ethics and Jurisprudence. J. G. Hibben. *Journal of Ethics*.  
 Fiction, Recent Books of. W. M. Payne. *Dial*.  
 Garfield-Conkling Controversy. Ex-Senator Dawes. *Century*.  
 Government, The Machinery of. H. P. Judson. *Dial*.  
 Greek Vase-Paintings. Illus. Jane E. Harrison. *Mag. of Art*.  
 Hals, Frans. Illus. T. Cole. *Century*.  
 Hildebrand, Adolf. Illus. Helen Zimmern. *Mag. of Art*.  
 Howe, Admiral Earl. A. T. Mahan. *Atlantic*.  
 Huxley, Prof., Evolution in. St. Geo. Mivart. *Pop. Science*.  
 Ispahan to Kurrachee. Illus. Edwin Lord Weeks. *Harper*.  
 Italy and the Papacy. R. Mariano. *Journal of Ethics*.  
 Japan, An American Teacher in. F. W. Gookin. *Dial*.  
 Jews, Mission of the. *Harper*.  
 Lang, Andrew. Illus. Brander Matthews. *Century*.  
 Learning, Transmission of, through the University. *Atlantic*.  
 Leland, Charles G., Memoirs of. E. G. J. *Dial*.  
 Life Savers of the U. S. Illus. F. G. Carpenter. *Pop. Sci.*  
 Literary Year in Retrospect, The. *Dial*.  
 London, West and East Ends of. R. H. Davis. *Harper*.  
 Lower California. J. K. Reeve. *Lippincott*.  
 Marriage Customs, Early. Frank Shelley. *Lippincott*.  
 Mind, Monastic Theory of. L. F. Ward. *Monist*.  
 Monism and Henism. Paul Carus. *Monist*.  
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 Century Magazine, Vol. XLVI., May to October, 1893. Illus., large 8vo, pp. 960, gilt top. Century Co.



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